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Edited by

R. G. HOWARTH

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EDITORIAL

The present number of *Southerly*—now in its fifth year—marks the beginning of a new series. Solution of our financial problems has made possible an increase in size and an improvement in presentation. We hope to continue publication of the magazine in this form, and also to issue it, in future, every quarter.

While *Southerly* will maintain its character as a catholic medium and critical review, even more attention is to be paid to Australian literature than in the past. Among the contributions by living writers, in this number, will be found works by some who are part of our literary tradition: a poem of Charles Harpur's, a letter written by Chris. Brennan in explanation of the verse of his sequence "The Wanderer", and a personal reminiscence, by George Gordon McCrae, of Adam Lindsay Gordon; none of which has been published before. In the next number we plan to include selections from hitherto unpublished writings by J. A. R. McKellar. Readers who have in their hands material of similar character and interest are invited to submit it for publication.

The firm of Angus and Robertson Ltd., booksellers and publishers, of Sydney, has generously agreed to finance *Southerly* for a period, and will in future distribute the copies, with the exception of those issued to members of the Australian English Association.

As *Southerly* enters on this new stage of its career, we take the opportunity of repeating our thanks to all supporters in the past, and expressing the hope that their confidence and continued support will be fully justified. Large promises would be as much out of place here as would depreciation, direct or indirect, of the achievements of other publications, to which we wish as well as we trust their producers do ours.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

To E.P.F.L.

Voltaire would weep for joy, Plato would stare.
What is it, easier than a church to enter,
Politer than a department store, this centre
That like Grand Central leads to everywhere?
Is it more civic than the City Hall?
For whose great heart is this the monument?
Where is the reader at the stationer's stall,
The copyist hollow-eyed and bald and bent?

Its one demand is freedom, its one motto
Deep in the door, Read, Know and Tolerate.
That tree of knowledge from which Adam ate
Flourishes here, our costly quid pro quo.
It shades us like a Mission with its green,
Its girls, its neatness, and its excellent quiet.
In all the city no paving is so clean,
So broad, so permanent. Croesus cannot buy it.

Long long ago these photographs of thought
In cell and stoa and school and catacomb
Accumulated; scroll, palimpsest, tome,
Books chained to walls and Bibles bound in brass,
Fragments of science, cherished, disinterred,
And one found a machine that like a glass
Could mirror, multiply and save the word.

Who knows? Some disappointed scholar here,
Some poet with vision faultless as a beam,
Some child with half-articulated dream,
May reach and touch the spring that opens clear
On brilliant prospects of new history.
How many daily doubts are here resolved,
Secrets exhumed, brought out of mystery,
Hypotheses defeated, cases solved?

And what we call behaviour and goodwill
Are modelled here in fiction. On the slate
Of the fresh mind fresh images dilate,
And lives turn at a phrase, and lives stand still.
This gathering of silent volumes roars
Uninterrupted, ceaseless, without ban;
These teachings break through wide-flung open doors,
The Talmud, Naso, and The Rights of Man.

KARL SHAPIRO.

May 24, 1943,
New Guinea.

TIME'S HURT

By Ken Levis

The wind pushed the grey foliage of the ironbarks before it, so that the black trunks stood bare while branches and twigs struggled with the gale. Their movements resembled the straining and lifting of a fish fighting against a taut line. Every now and then brittle twigs would snap and sail on the wind's force to the grey thin grass of the hillside where they would bowl over and over till caught by one of the small bushes tugged by the westerly.

Around the house the wind was most insistent. It swept across the valley from the far hills, up along the spur to the house. The house seemed to split the gale in two streams, each curving on up the hill over the red clay patches and cattle tracks, curving up past the cow yards and bails and thence swirling on again in one swift stream broken only by ironbarks the timbergetters had not yet taken. The earth, it appeared, crouched beneath the clean swirl of the gale. The patches of thin dry grass looked to be racing headlong over the hillside.

As the boy stared at the labouring trees he felt the desire to go out of the house into the stream of the wind. Everything in the house was quiet. Now and then the side window through which he gazed would rattle as a cross-current of wind struck the wall. From time to time the frame building would shudder on its piles, when sudden gusts from the valley punched against its high front.

The boy let himself out by the back door where the force of the wind was least. For some minutes he stood by the tank-stand listening to the gale. The spoutings and gables combed the rushing air into a swirling of sighs and whistlings. The tank intimately rumbled a steady protest. Over at the fowl house a piece of iron clang-clang-clanged with vigour. A hen attempting a last picking in the darkening light stood braced against the wind, its black feathers sprayed over its body.

The boy stepped away from the buildings into the unbroken stream of the wind. At once he abandoned himself to it. He sprinted off across the hillface, his coat flying. He caught its ends and held it tight, outstretched as a sail, and raced. Then he turned and ran against the wind, mouth open. He felt the wind curling, sweet and cool, within his mouth against the hollow of his cheeks. Reaching the rail fence he climbed on a stolid old weathered corner-post. He stood there, bracing himself against the gale, the rough post top pimpling his bare feet. He expanded his chest, beat it hard with his fists in

defiance, and shouted with all the might he could muster. The wind continued its blowing. A feeling of outdaring the gale held him. He shouted, waved his arms, then stood poised, statue-like, sensing the keen delight of the wind curving by his warm body.

Suddenly his mood changed. He jumped backwards from the post top, turned in the air, landed on all fours as he had often practised and rushed up the slope, the wind assisting. He ran on tip-toe as he had read sprinters ran. He only allowed the balls of his feet to touch the soil. He sped noiselessly as he could, wondering whether Redskins made less noise than he. They went noiselessly through the forest. He concentrated upon avoiding any twig likely to snap, he skirted the long grass in his endeavour to outdo the Indians. Then he avoided the red clay patches, treading only on the short grass lest his tracks be spied by possible pursuers.

With a change of thought he became a speedway rider, holding his arms bent as dirt-track aces do. Grasping his handlebars he swerved and raced and cut in, his lips stuttering the roar of the full-throttled motor.

In a final burst of speed he drew up by the rails to the out-paddock. He climbed through and, puffing, turned towards the steeper slope. He snatched up dry sticks and sent them whirling and leaping with the wind. Then he experimented with sticks hurled high against it. They soared carefully, swerved and returned overhead, boomerang-fashion. The boy rushed to an ironbark felled by the sleeper-cutters, ran along its fallen trunk, clambered over the greying bark of the branches, swung out beyond the yellowing clusters of drying leaves. He raced back to the stump, reaching up to scrape with this finger the jelly-like red gum below the cut. He tasted it and spat it out at once. He gathered the largest chips, trying his strength by lifting them above his head with one hand, then hurled them a little distance with the westerly's aid. As he ran on he smelt the sweet tang of the new-cut chips s[illegible] on his hands. It was good.

Now he stopped to look back at the house below him on the windy slope. The wind took the smoke from the chimney and swirled it instantly out of sight in the half-light. The boy ran on, taking gigantic steps along the open ground. Suddenly he stopped. He heard the stuttering alarm cry of the plovers.

Through the dim light he peered seeking the grey birds. He wondered if he should find their nest. Before, he had never succeeded. He went on, searching the bare-ground patches, looking for hollows where the speckled eggs might be lying. The plovers were crying

together, the harsh piercing noise whirled about by the wind. The boy considered their cleverness. They would run deliberately to lead him from the nest. As he stayed searching likely ground, the first bird made its sudden attack. A whirr of wings and a sharp beak-snap just over his head. The boy ducked and shouted at the wheeling bird. Its mate now wheeled round, banking on the wind with piercing cries, and came in snapping at the boy. For a while he watched them, waving his arms as they snapped at him in their fury. Then, seizing a long crooked stick he whirled it round his head as if defending his life from some foe. "Come on!" he shouted at the birds and the wind. "Come on! See what you get!"

The first plover came swooping along the wind, pursuing its shattering cry. The boy swung his stick, feeling himself some hero of old stepped from his story books. He was defending this outpost. The bird came in close, snapped, and the stick caught its body, lifting it high above the boy, tossing it on to the ground yards away. The plover tried to fly in vain while its mate circled above with its loud piercing cries. Each time the bird struggled the wind would catch it, blowing it over and over. The boy's dreams had fled with the blow. He had not thought to hurt the plover. He went down and picked up the wing the stick had wrenched off. The little piece of raw flesh at its end filled him with anguish. He ran after the bird, hoping to catch it and carry it back to the spot where its nest must be. But each time he approached, the wounded plover would run on, desperately giving a little half-flutter, and then be rolled over and over by the wind. It couldn't realise it could fly no longer. In desperation the boy tried to catch the bird, but it kept ahead of him stubbornly till he left off the chase.

In his bitterness he reproached himself with that bitter self-accusation of childhood, deep as it is rare. Without knowing why, he carried the wing back with him inside his shirt. Before he reached home he carefully laid it in a hollow by the fallen ironbark and put stones over it so it wouldn't blow away.

As he entered the sudden warmth of the kitchen, he became aware of the night wind streaming past. It filled the air with fancied echoes of the lost bird's stuttering cries.

JOHN DONNE——UNDONE

By W. Milgate

By now, after fifty years and more of penetrating and sensitive study on the part of many of the acute and scholarly critics working during that time, a book on the life and character of Donne must possess great merit indeed to hold its own, or for that matter even to justify its existence. It is doubtful whether Miss Evelyn Hardy's study, *John Donne—A Spirit in Coflict,** can do either. If her book is meant as an introduction for the general reader (and the style usually suggests that this is so), it fails because it gives a wholly misleading picture of Donne as an almost desperate pathological "case"; though in the sketches of the Elizabethan background, and of the personalities with whom Donne became involved, Miss Hardy achieves some vivid touches. If, on the other hand, she means her book as a scholarly and exhaustive biography, such as has been urgently needed for some years, she has been far from successful. From the latter point of view, indeed, Miss Hardy's book resembles a collection of a psychologist's musing as he vaguely peruses a life of Donne written some fifteen years ago.

In format, the book is a model of lightness and compactness—the neatness of appearance and arrangement amply displaying a skill and resource in facing war-time restrictions which should influence book-publishing permanently and for the good. Though, however, there is a list of errata, it is very far from complete. A casual inspection reveals the following deficiencies: p. 12, "unmistakeable"; p. 14 footnote, "Sir" Izaak Walton, and the page reference is to no particular edition of the *Lives*; p. 79 footnote, Sir "Charles" Cornwallis (= Sir William); p. 92, "Sherrif"; p. 133, "Anninersary"; p. 169, "install"; p. 180, "beseiged". Again, in matters of fact, Miss Hardy is not reliable. She shows herself even more credulous than Gosse in associating Donne with the "Mermaid" tavern during his earlier years in London, the evidence being of the slightest; she quotes a letter in proof of Donne's gloom during 1608-9 (p. 112) now known to be a concoction by Walton of the pessimistic passages from several letters; she bases a long study of Welshmen in London during Elizabeth's reign on Walton's doubtful assertion that Donne's father was of Welsh stock; it was in the *Devotions,* not the Sermons (p. 15), that Donne says "My parents would not give me over to a servant's correction"—and we cannot be sure that it refers to Donne personally; Miss Hardy repeats Mrs. Simpson's statement in *A Study of the Prose*

* Constable, 1942.

Works that it was Dr. Jessopp who cleared Donne's name of the charge of complicity in the legal proceedings over Somerset's marriage, whereas in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (1888) Jessopp expressly accuses Donne of that complicity; she states definitely without proof that Donne was one of the "adventurers" in the Virginia Company; and she accepts the identification of the Dr. Andrews whose book was damaged while in Donne's possession, with the great bishop. The dogmatic dating of certain poems is often open to question: the verse letter "To the Countess of Huntingdon" ("That unripe side of earth") is said to have been sent from Plymouth (1597), apparently to the mother-in-law of the Countess who is the recipient of the other verse letters; "A Funeral Elegy" is ascribed to the early lyric period; the "Nocturnall upon St. Lucy's Day" is linked with Lady Bedford's illness in 1612; "The Primrose", "The Blossome" and "The Dampe", in all their biting sarcasm, are ascribed to 1613, Magdalen Herbert being the lady celebrated therein; and the "Hymne to God My God" is still asserted to be a death-bed composition. One would be interested, too, in any evidence that Donne was made a D.D. of *both* Oxford and Cambridge in 1615, and that Donne claimed to have met Lord Hay through Francis Bacon; I have not seen Lady Anne Clifford's diary, but suppose it to be the authority for Miss Hardy's statement that Donne preached at Knole in July, 1617, before the Earl of Dorset.

The omissions are also noteworthy; and it is significant that they are chiefly facts concerned with Donne's active life in society (what Miss Hardy would, I suppose, call his extravert activities) that are omitted. Thus she mentions neither of Donne's terms in Parliament (1601, 1614); she follows Walton's account of his journey with the Druries, omitting any reference to the brilliant reconstruction of his travels which appeared some time before the appearance of Miss Hardy's book, and she quotes the "apparition" story in full; no record appears of Donne's activity on either the Ecclesiastical Commission of June, 1629, or (an event not so far included in any life of Donne) on that of July 13th, 1628.* Little is made of the influence of Copernican and Galilean thought on the mind and art of Donne, though the subject has been fully studied by scholars.

More serious still is Miss Hardy's habit of making sweeping, and for that reason, inaccurate, generalizations. Here are a few: "On the whole, Donne fails to be lyrical"; Jonson's phrases on Donne are "indicative of contemporary opinion"; "The five Satires of Donne imitate Juvenal"; "He never broke out into new and original thought";

*In a letter to *The Times Literary Supplement* of August 1st, 1942, I inadvertently gave the date of this Commission as June.

Egerton "was the first whom he frankly regarded in the light of a father"; he "attempts to foreshadow a theory of evolution objectively in 'The Progresse of the Soule'"; his entry into the Church "cleansed" Donne. All these statements are erroneous, or not sufficiently qualified. Indeed, Miss Hardy's style throughout seldom achieves grace or complete lucidity. She asks pointless rhetorical questions, strains metaphors, and is capable of such sentences as these: "The library (and doubtless the latter objects) was plundered and carried aboard"; "The 'ravelled sleeve of care' hung ever upon his arm and, like the garments which Penelope wove so fruitlessly, never warmed his chillness of heart". It may be this defect which causes Miss Hardy continually to misinterpret or force the expressions used by Donne and others. She seems to think that any phrase that "rings true" is autobiographical; statements like these are frequent: "such a passage rings too true for casual knowledge" or "rings too true to be pleasantly imaginative". Such statements, though paying to Donne's power of convincing expression a notable compliment, lead to most misleading conclusions. Yet another critical fault is the assumption that the thought expressed in any poem is numbered among the real convictions of the poet. Thus the line "Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet" is used to suggest that Donne was of a "secretive nature".

Most serious of all is the basic defect of the whole book. The motto is taken from Ernest Jones's essay on Hamlet; Miss Hardy herself speaks of a love "which, like Hamlet's, got twisted from its natural heritage and was nourished on a false diet", and says that Donne, like Hamlet, "would risk nothing to gain something" (this of the lover of Anne More!). Of course, the analogy between Hamlet and Donne has long been a commonplace of Donne criticism; and Miss Hardy has now attempted a psycho-analytic study, secure from the charge that she is perverting criticism by performing clinical psychology on an imaginary figure. So Donne is assumed to be suffering from an advanced and pernicious "Oedipus complex"—among other neuroses. In the course of the book, all the normal facts of human experience, and many of the abnormal, are painted in violent colours, and heaped upon the unhappy Donne. He is said to suffer, for example, from a conflict arising from "this early, painful, emotional upheaval centring round his mother's early marriage"; from a "martyrdom" neurosis conflicting with the "rational, healthy side of Donne"; there are in his personality conflicts between "impulse and passion" and "reason and reflective vision"; between "ruinous sensual fires of youth" and "the spiritual death of doubt and endless horror"; between "endearing simplicity" and "self-condemnatory pride"; between "action" and

melancholy pensiveness"; between "patriot" and "martyr"; in short, between almost any activity of the mind and almost any other. Donne was also "profoundly ashamed of his bodily powers", not to mention hermaphroditic! Miss Hardy apparently thinks that she has explained everything, simply by scattering through her book such phrases as "inner discord", "self-torturing conflict", "basic neurosis" and so on. How much all this "interpretation" is worth is shown by her conclusion: she asks, what was "the buried poison", the "dreadful reluctance"?—"No-one can answer, for the secret died with its keeper"! But on the next page, she continues, unperturbed, to write of "This tremendous struggle in the unconscious . . ." At length, after 250 pages in this vein, we have three containing a selection of extracts (and that not the best selection) to show the "joyful" side of Donne's make-up. And the final *naïveté* is Miss Hardy's claim to credit for agreeing with such opinions of Donne as these, for which she is obliged to a handwriting expert who studied a specimen of the poet's calligraphy: "This is not an intellectually striking personality, nor is the intellect even strongly developed"; there is "nothing of arrogance, or pretence, in his belief in himself. . . ."

Miss Hardy's study cannot be said to have contributed much of importance to the criticism of Donne.*

The Truth within us makes the world seem true!
We who can dare to rise can deign to fall;
Our lives are ours to relish and renew;
Death is the gentle mother of us all.

In time not far our vision shall so clear
That we shall know the body is the soul
Obscurely felt now, by our ignorant fear
Extinguished, and revived by our control.

This earth still tarries for our future bliss,
Our loitering steps lag half the world away;
This earth we fashioned from the void abyss
To be our glad Valhalla night and day.

Your faith in Your Own Soul, O Everyone,
Is the same faith a flower has in the sun!

RUPERT ATKINSON.

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* See also page 43.

ELEGY FOR A DEAD SOLDIER

I

A white sheet on the tail-gate of a truck
Becomes an altar; two small candlesticks
Sputter at each side of the crucifix
Laid round with flowers brighter than the blood,
Red as the red of our apocalypse,
Hibiscus that a marching man will pluck
To stick into his rifle or his hat,
And great blue morning-glories pale as lips
That shall no longer taste or kiss or swear.
The wind begins a low magnificat,
The chaplain chats, the palmtrees swirl their hair,
The columns come together through the mud.

II

We too are ashes as we watch and hear
The psalm, the sorrow, and the simple praise
Of one whose promised thoughts of other days
Were such as ours, but now wholly destroyed,
The service record of his youth wiped out,
His dream dispersed by shot, must disappear.
What can we feel but wonder at a loss
That seems to point at nothing but the doubt
Which flirts our sense of luck into the ditch?
Reader of Paul who prays beside this fosse,
Shall we believe our eyes or legends rich
With glory and rebirth beyond the void?

III

For this comrade is dead, dead in the war,
A young man out of millions yet to live,
One cut away from all that war can give,
Freedom of self and peace to wander free.
Who mourns in all this sober multitude
Who did not feel the bite of it before.
The bullet found its aim? This worthy flesh,
This boy laid in a coffin and reviewed—
Who has not wrapped himself in this same flag,
Heard the light fall of dirt, his wound still fresh,
Felt his eyes closed, and heard the distant brag
Of the last volley of humanity?

IV

By chance I saw him die, stretched on the ground,
A tattooed arm lifted to take the blood
Of someone else sealed in a tin. I stood
During the last delirium that stays
The intelligence a tiny moment more,

And then the strangulation, the last sound.
The end was sudden, like a foolish play,
A stupid fool slamming a foolish door,
The absurd catastrophe, half-prearranged,
And all the decisive things still left to say.
So we disbanded, angrier and unchanged,
Sick with the utter silence of dispraise.

V

We ask for no statistics of the killed,
For nothing political impinges on
This single casualty, or all those gone,
Missing or healing, sinking or dispersed,
Hundreds of thousands counted, millions lost.
More than an accident and less than willed
Is every fall, and this one like the rest.
However others calculate the cost,
To us the final aggregate is *one,*
One with a name, one transferred to the blest;
And though another stoops and takes the gun,
We cannot add the second to the first.

VI

I would not speak for him who could not speak
Unless my fear were true: he was not wronged,
He knew to which decision he belonged
But let it choose itself. Ripe in instinct,
Neither the victim nor the volunteer,
He followed, and the leaders could not seek
Beyond the followers. Much of this he knew;
The journey was a detour that would steer
Into the Lincoln Highway of a land
Remorselessly improved, excited, new,
And that was what he wanted. He had planned
To earn and drive. He and the world had winked.

VII

No history deceived him, for he knew
Little of times and armies not his own;
He never felt that peace was but a loan,
Had never questioned the idea of gain.
Beyond the headlines once or twice he saw
The gathering of a power by the few
But could not tell their names; he cast his vote,
Distrusting all the elected but not law.
He laughed at socialism; *on mourrait*
Pour les industriels? He shed his coat
And not for brotherhood, but for his pay.
To him the red flag marked the sewer main.

VIII

Above all else he loathed the homily,
The slogan and the ad. He paid his bill
But not for Congressmen at Bunker Hill.
Ideals were few and those there were not made
For conversation. He belonged to church
But never spoke of God. The Christmas tree,
The Easter egg, baptism, he observed,
Never denied the preacher on his perch,
And would not sign Resolved That or Whereas,
Softness he had and hours and nights reserved
For thinking, dressing, dancing to the jazz.
His laugh was real, his manners were home made.

IX

Of all men poverty pursued him least;
He was ashamed of all the down and out,
Spurned the panhandler like an uneasy doubt,
And saw the unemployed as a vague mass
Incapable of hunger or revolt.
He hated other races, south or east,
And shoved them to the margin of his mind.
He could recall the justice of the Colt,
Take interest in a gang-war like a game.
His ancestry was somewhere far behind
And left him only his peculiar name.
Doors opened, and he recognised no class.

X

His children would have known a heritage,
Just or unjust, the richest in the world,
The quantum of all art and science curled
In the horn of plenty, bursting from the horn,
A people bathed in honey, Paris come,
Vienna transferred with the highest wage,
A World's Fair spread to Phoenix, Jacksonville,
Earth's capitol, the new Byzantium,
Kingdom of man—who knows? Hollow or firm,
No man can ever prophesy until
Out of our death some undiscovered germ,
Whole toleration or pure peace is born.

XI

The time to mourn is short that best becomes
The military dead. We lift and fold the flag,
Lay bare the coffin with its written tag,
And march away. Behind, four others wait
To lift the box, the heaviest of loads.
The anaesthetic afternoon benumbs,
Sickens our senses, forces back our talk.

We know that others on tomorrow's roads
Will fall, ourselves perhaps, the man beside,
Over the world the threatened, all who walk:
And could we mark the grave of him who died
We would write this beneath his name and date:

EPITAPH

Underneath this wooden cross there lies
A Christian killed in battle. You who read,
Remember that this stranger died in pain;
And passing here, if you can lift your eyes
Upon a peace kept by the human creed,
Know that one soldier has not died in vain.

KARL SHAPIRO.

July 18, 1943,
Somewhere South-west Pacific.

ON A DAY

A Warning Not *to Dance*

On a day,
A day,
A day,
On a distant summer day . . .
Every lassock played her lad,
Leg for leg, at "Heigh-go-mad";
Even beldames, dipped in stum,
Creakt for hope some fire might come.

Fire came, and black-men, too,
Clad in waving red and blue;

Thrust each ancient paramour
Head and shoulders thro' the door
Of Hell itself; where their feet,

Bitten by a brimstone heat,
May not rest, or pause agen,
Dancing in the Devil's den.

HUGH MCCRAE.

THE BLANK VERSE OF *THE WANDERER*

The following is from a letter written by Chris. Brennan on June 16, 1930, to his friend Richard Pennington (now Librarian of Queensland University). The extract is printed with the consent of Mr. Pennington and Mr. R. Innes Kay, Brennan's literary executor, to whom thanks are due.

I have not written about my metrical 'innovations' because there aren't any, only developments. But, as I know some people are troubled, I send you a brief account of the matter to use at your pleasure. What is in question is the blank verse of 'The Wanderer'. . . .

There are two blank-verse measures. In numbers 86 (this by the way is the piece you are seeking), 96, 98, 99 the ordinary line of five stresses; in 87, 91-95, 97 a line of six stresses. Another local critic, R. D. Fitzgerald, shrewdly guessed that this was a sort of Alexandrine: only he calls a caesura an hiatus. And tho', as a fact, I did get some provocation out of a controversy in the reviews over the possibility of a blank Alexandrine, I soon found I was writing nothing of the sort. The verse of five stresses is not an iambic pentameter and that of six is not an Alexandrine: the menagerie of English verse does not contain these outsiders.

Stress is not accent. The two must coincide in the majority of cases, or there is no verse, but stress is primary. In the first line of *Paradise Lost* the fourth stress falls on "and". The second does not fall on the emphatic word "first" because, tho' such mobility of the stress is one of the powers free to the poet, you do not begin with such a striking variation from your norm. To guide my reader's ear and save him perplexity, I have, almost everywhere, made stress and accent agree. Properly read aloud the measure ought not to worry anybody.

I have used mobility of stress so as to bring two stresses together (as supposed in "Of man's / first dis-/") and the freedom of varying—within the limits of the norm—the number of syllables in the unstressed space. (They call this substituting anapaest for iamb and vice versa.) If the normal unit of your verse is . : you will very soon kill your reader if you don't admit . . : ('first dis-/ obe- / dience and': of course Milton didn't say 'disobeejence'), and the other way round . : for . . : ("When the hounds / of spring / are on win / ter's trace[s]/"). All blank verse again permits of an extra unstressed space at the end: if I have for once filled that with two fugitive syllables that would have easily slipped past within the line ("and where / the hearth / sings merr- / ily") I have not gone outside my warrant: Comus 732 "The Sea o'erfraught would swell and th' unsought diamonds".

I scan a few of the seemingly more licentious lines.

Hither / & thith / er upon / the earth / & grow / weary
The woods / shall awake / hearing them // shall awake / to be tost / and riven
And the waves / of dark / ness yonder // in the gaunt / hollow / of night
For un / til ye have / had care / of the wastes / there shall be / no truce

(I mark a glide, but not an elision: that doesn't exist; doesn't itself is two syllables and Milton didn't pronounce thunsought.) Perhaps so much will do. I would not seem to try to justify myself out of a book which had nothing to do

with my upbringing or with my verse-writing; but English ears might find a kindred measure in

In Jéw / ry ìs / God knówn // his Nàme / is gréat / in Ís / rael
At Sál / em is his táb / ernàcle // and / his dwéll / ing in Sí / on
There bráke / he the árr / ows of the bów // the shíeld / the swórd / & the bátt / le.

And there is William Blake.

WE ARE THE GODS

Our everlasting hunger for mortality
Beguiles Our calm transmuted, self-decoyed;
Our phantom-flesh with feverish prodigality
Reveals the world We ravish from the void.

Death is the black delusion of the tomb,
Our dread is Our remembrance; undismayed,
Unyielding, We, Who dare deride Our doom,
We are the gods, the gods in masquerade.

Our never-ending zest in Our carnality
Would shirk no pang or torment, quick to master,
By means mortiferous, each too harsh reality,
Disease, despair, age, horror or disaster.

We dare to suffer, dare to feel afraid—
We are the gods, the gods in masquerade!

RUPERT ATKINSON.

PROMENADE

Examinations of the trails
From Skindewai to Latabia
Convince pedestrians that nails
And heavy boots for steering gear

Are less than tactless. Mud is not
The best ingredient for tea.
Cold bully beef engenders hot
Connivings at what used to be.

Considered menus. Native boys
In grubby lap-laps stop to grin,
Not understanding what decoys
Have spoiled in prospect venal sin.

Rough corduroy is not as nice
(Considered as a motor means)
As ambulations on the ice
No matter where the axis leans.

R. T. DUNLOP.

SHAKEN MISTS

By Mary Lisle

It was the very first time Tony Hilton had worn his uniform. He felt rather pleased with the snatched reflections of himself he caught in the plate-glass of shop windows—reflections that came and went, ghost-like, behind the superimposed realities of displayed goods, mostly feminine and ranging from corsets to cosmetics. He felt a little self-conscious too, and slightly ashamed of that self-consciousness. The swagger that is the right attribute to a military uniform did not come naturally to Tony—perhaps because he was a poet, or aspired to be one. No, that is unjust! Tony was only reluctantly a poet. He admired the hearty type that achieves things by action, not thought—chaps like Chris Stuart. He was a poet by some inner compulsion; and that he was not a successful one (that is, he had twice as many reject slips as published verses) was not the consolation it should have been. Even as a schoolboy, scribbling embryonic rhyme and blank verse, he had been haunted by a conviction that it would be more manly not to. Still, as has been said before, he couldn't help it; and every now and again he broke out and wrote copiously for a few days or weeks till the fever subsided.

He was wondering if the war and a military life would quench or kindle his spark when he saw Chris Stuart, and promptly dismissed speculations about verse from his mind. Chris was standing half-way down the steps at the entrance to the hotel, talking to Jim Arnall. Both Chris and Jim had been to the same school as Tony, not so long ago either, and certainly not so long ago as it seemed to them.

Chris was in R.A.A.F. blue, Jim in khaki. They hailed him and all three went inside for a drink and a talk.

"How's the poetry?" Chris asked, when a waiter had taken their order.

Tony flushed. He was ridiculously sensitive about his verse, being a failure.

"I've given it up—well, more or less!"

"Impossible, you're like an inveterate drunkard! A drunkard of the—what's its name—spring."

Tony laughed. "Well, I sign the pledge, metaphorically speaking, every now and then!"

"Someone", said Jim, speaking in his quick, staccato fashion, "someone ought to write an essay on the degeneration of the poet, or rather the status of the poet. It was all right at one time—Sir Philip Sidney, and Chaucer, and Homer, and David. Guts and gusto and

poetry in those days. What brought them down to long hair and bows?"

"You write it!" Chris said.

Tony was heard to murmur something about Rupert Brooke. That brought their conversation into another channel.

"George Duncan's been killed", Jim said. "The last of three brothers to die. Rotten for the Duncans!"

They spoke then of death and because the subject was a grim one they concealed it under a camouflage of light words.

"I read a book once", Christopher said. "I can only give you the gist of it, as I'm no good at remembering things properly and quotably. It was a book about Yogis, and there was something to the effect that a bloke's soul (they see it as a sort of sliver of light) has a definite time to live before passing to the next world, and that this has a kind of spiritual body. This stays on the earth for a while before going away, and how long it stays depends on—well, if a bloke dies a sudden death while he's young it might have a fair time to hang about."

"That makes quite a good explanation of ghosts", Tony said, "not that I believe in that hocus-pocus!"

"Jimmy will concede that there's some truth in all faiths, won't you, Jim?"

"Sort of curate's egg—even Yogism, eh?"

"Well, look here, Jim, you're the churchgoer of us three, isn't he, Tony? You say the Creed every Sunday. Do you really feel quite confident about—oh, you know—life everlasting?"

Tony interrupted.

"The resurrection of the *body*, that's what beats me—worms—and anyway what about hunchbacks? Rough on them!"

"It means a spiritual body, of course", Jim said.

"That's done over to suit the modern palate; the compilers of the Creed *meant* the physical body rising up out of all the churchyards."

Jim thought of alluding to St. Paul's symbol of the wheat grain, but refrained. It was a habit of his never to argue.

"Proof", Tony said.

"But what exactly would constitute irrefragable proof? Perhaps we wouldn't recognise a sign from heaven if we saw one!" Jim ventured.

"Well, listen", Chris said, ignoring the question. "I vote we make a pact. We'll try and let each other know for sure anything we find out."

"Wh—a—at?" said Tony, who had been thinking of poetry again, and quoting softly, half to himself:

> And ah, to know not
> Whether 'tis ampler day divinelier lit
> Or homeless night without
> . . . New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!

"Wh—a—at did you say?"

"You mean", Jim said, "if one of us gets knocked we'll try to get through to the others!"

"Yes—if there's anything beyond: that's the gist of it. We're pretty representative, Tony and you, Jim, and me—the emotions, the intellect, and—well the plain physical—heart, head and hand."

"But if we don't succeed", Tony asked, "are you prepared to take that as conclusive?"

But Chris had warmed to his subject. "We've got to try and tune in to each other's wave-lengths, see!"

Jim's thoughts strayed down a private bypath:

> Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
> From the hid battlements of Eternity;
> Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
> Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.

(Tony wasn't the only one who read poetry.)

Jim drained his glass and pulled in his attention.

Tony was speaking.

"All that unknown potentiality of radio in the world, and only just discovered! There may be other untapped, unsuspected powers——"

Chris looked at his watch. " 'Fraid I'll have to go", he said, "but have we agreed? Shake hands on it and swear a silent oath to do your best. Here!" He beckoned a waiter. "We'll wet the contract!"

They stood then and solemnly and in silence and to the surprise of people at the next table, they shook hands. When the drinks came they permitted themselves to be particularly hilarious.

A few minutes later they said good-bye in Castlereagh Street.

"Don't forget, now!" Chris said. "Oh, and we'd better appoint Tony our amanuensis, just in case!"

They saluted with mock ceremony, and went their several ways.

* * * * *

There was no hope left now, really none; and you realised how much a man had lived on hope—all these dreadful nightmarish days and nights; and through the recurring horror of the roadblocks. It was only a matter of time now. Well he was thankful he wouldn't be a prisoner. Those chaps they had to leave in the trucks! The last bitter dregs of disappointment when they found Japs had the Parit Sulong bridge!

Jim Arnall lay listening to the jungle sounds. *They* hadn't come yet. It seemed ages since he had heard the crashing of the men's feet and their voices—going away. They were going to make a last desperate try to get through. God! if they only could! He had thought he was good enough but he wasn't. That last shot—got him in the thigh.

Time blurred. There were so many sounds; little noises he had not noticed before. Rain fell some time during the night, beating mercilessly; drumming on the leaves that, after the storm had passed, went on drip, dripping with the exasperating reiteration of a leaking tap.

Incidents of the last few days turned and turned in his mind. He must think of something else. Then all at once he recollected the pact he and Tony and Chris Stuart had made—it seemed a hundred years ago. Well, he'd soon know for certain what was ahead.

He tried to say the Creed, but it seemed nothing but words. His mind had no function but to feel—like an animal . . . The Father Almighty . . . All things visible and invisible . . . God of Gods, light of lights. What selection of words, that made them not only exactly right, but endowed them with a thaumaturgic quality so that they were the switch button that lit something inside you. They took a power to themselves that was not abstract or etymological, but started a current—like electricity. (The originators of the fairy tales knew the secret of a word's magic.)

Tony had wanted proofs—"The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom". And as always the Greeks were right!

* * * * *

Christopher Stuart's bed was at the very end of the long ward, near the door. Most of the other men seemed to be asleep, except a badly wounded airman who kept turning his head on the pillow. Chris cursed the luck that had put him into hospital for a trifle like a tonsils operation. Positively childish! After all these months of flying and no accident it was beginning to look as though he had a charmed life. His thoughts were with his squadron. Moonlight flowed into the ward and made a pattern of squares and crosses on the floor. Bomber's moon! It brought memories to Chris. They'd be out tonight most likely. Two more days and he would be back and into it again.

He thought of night flights he had made with the sleeping unlit towns far down below, and the world washed in moonlight; unsophisticated, elemental as in some remote dawn—beautiful and vulnerable. And moonless nights, dark as the womb of time; and nothing in

existence but the plane's cockpit and the vitality of the glowing dials in front of him.

Because he did not want to think about these things he switched on the radio beside his bed and adjusted the earphones.

The B.B.C. was just finishing the news. Sounded pretty bad! They were falling back in Malaya. What was the matter there? Well, Singapore could hold out from all accounts, but it sounded pretty bad. Jim was there. He'd been growling about inaction—being out of things—in the last letter Chris had had from him. Tony Hilton was there too! He turned off the radio.

The door, close to his bed, was open. Across the passageway beyond was a large window, through which the winter branches of a tree made pencillings on the moonlight. Chris saw that someone was standing there under the window. He had not heard anyone walking down the passage, only when he looked up the figure was there, blotting out the shadow-tracery of the boughs. It was a man in khaki shorts and shirt with sleeves rolled above the elbows. He moved across the doorway and turned his head to look directly at Chris. Then with a quick smile, and that characteristic sideways lift of the head, he was gone.

Christopher struggled out of bed. "Jim! old chap! I say, Jim!" he shouted.

There was no sound but his voice. Chris drew a deep breath and sat back on his bed. His shout had wakened every sleeper, but that didn't matter because just at that moment the sirens sounded.

Next morning the B.B.C. announced that a few enemy raiders had appeared over a south-west town. Some bombs were dropped. There were casualties and among the buildings damaged was a hospital.

A later report listed the name Stuart, Christopher John, among a number killed in an air raid.

* * * * *

Tony Hilton spat out a mouthful of berries and cursed. They had looked edible. Sour! They say you get over feeling hungry. He wondered how long it took to reach that stage. Morris had warned them that if they lay hidden by day they had a chance of getting to the beach by night. The Japs were everywhere, but once they got to a beach there was a possibility of finding a boat. It was worth the effort of trying. God! it was an awful country. Nature had been left too free a hand here, and overdone it—run amok with vegetation for one thing. After this, if there were any *after*, all he wanted was pavements, streets, made roads, civilisation. Then he suddenly remem-

bered an hotel lounge and three men drinking iced beer at a small round table under a large window; and one of them was himself—a thousand years and a million miles away—in a life perhaps on another planet.

"For the love of Mike get a bit o' sleep. It's all you've got to keep yer strength up!"

Morris was a good chap, and he had almost a sixth sense of direction that stood them in great stead, fugitives in the jungle.

Somehow or other Tony managed to sleep, despite the rain-soaked ground and the crawling things, despite discomfort and anxiety and hunger. They were physically exhausted, and they slept; though warily, like animals.

Tony dreamed. He dreamed that he was sitting with Jim and Chris again and they were playing cards. A Red Cross hospital bedspread was on the table between them. Tony had an insistent feeling that it was tremendously important to win the game. Then he looked at his hand and saw with a shock that the cards had strange markings instead of the familiar suits, and he felt that he must warn the others before they started to play, because of course none of them knew the value of these cards. But Jim was saying quite quietly:

"Perhaps we wouldn't recognise a sign from heaven if we saw one."

Then Chris faded, as people do in dreams. Jim was still there, very close to him, bending over him. There was no table and he was lying down and Jim's face almost touched his and his eyes held Tony's. He seemed to be on the point of speaking, and then he only smiled, and Tony woke.

So vivid was the dream that he seemed for a second or two to be still in it. He was aware of a sensation of someone's presence—like Jim in the dream, very close to him. He was in a strange heightened mood, which may or may not have been due to the comparative fast he had endured lately. He felt keyed up to a new pitch, in a mood of calm exhilaration, lifting him temporarily out of the physical plane of his sufferings. He was also aware of two certainties. One of them was that Jim Arnall was dead.

He rooted in his pocket and produced a small notebook; groped with two fingers, brought out of his shirt pocket the stump of a pencil. Then hunched up, with mud squelching through rotten vegetation round him, he started to write. Abruptly dark came up over the jungle. Darkness would bring back the nightmare journey—struggling and floundering for footholds one could only guess at. Scratched and

torn by vines, and always the swamps, and little food, and the gnawing uncertainty. Meanwhile he wrote.

* * * * *

Colonel Blackie was like many of his profession, a scholar and a reader as well as a soldier. The night before, he and Major Milburn had been talking about poetry.

"There's a quality, don't you think, about the finest poetry, like music—sometimes in no more than a line or two. (You know what I mean, Milburn?) Unmistakable! Something picked up from outside our dimension! 'Planetary music' Shelley called it!"

It was Peters who handed him the little battered notebook. It was one of those that are annually given away by a manufacturing firm. Besides blank pages for notes they have all kinds of information printed—from postal charges and public holidays to designs for wool sheds and sheepdips. The unprinted pages of this one had been covered with a closely written but legible handwriting, though the pencil was faint in places. The red cloth cover had been blistered and bleached by water and perhaps sweat.

The Colonel glanced casually over the first pages. Then:

"Where did you say got this?"

"Captain Webb, sir, thought you'd like to see it. Said it looked to be in your line. He got it from a cove who got away from Malaya in a boat of sorts, and was picked up. Wasn't his—a mate gave it to him. Chap who got wounded, on the beach, I think it was. Anyway before he died he asked his mate to take charge o' that."

The Colonel turned a page and read some more, slowly. He had apparently forgotten Peters's existence. He was thinking of his conversation with the Major.

"Anthony Hilton!" he read the name from the front page. "Anthony Hilton."

"Never heard of him!" said Peters, feeling that some remark was required of him.

"No, maybe", said the Colonel, "but you will! But perhaps not! Perhaps, Peters, you have never heard of John Keats and "The Grecian Urn", or Francis Thompson and "The Hound of Heaven". Perhaps not, Peters! But Anthony Hilton will be heard of—mark my words! It's . . . it's . . . damn it all, I can't remember the words I want—'A trumpet, from the something battlements of Eternity!' That's all, Peters. I'll see to this!"

* * * * *

The hotel lounge was crowded. Three young soldiers, new to their uniforms, came in.

"That table under the window", one of them said to the head waiter, who was trying to find them seats. "What about *it*? Doesn't appear to be reserved."

The head waiter positively started.

"Why, yes, sir, to be sure! Only, funny thing, I coulder sworn that table was taken! As I came across the room, I'd swear I saw three chaps there—certainly! Your orders, sir!"

"Rum, all right!" he said to Burrell, one of the other waiters, a few minutes later. "I saw three chaps standing at that table shaking hands, and the next moment they just wasn't there at all!"

"Time you took a holiday, George!" Burrell said, "startin' seeing things!"

CRUSOE

Shocked by the naked footprint in the sand
His heart thumps in a panic; he looks away
Beyond the curve of the last spur of the land,
Searches the reef where combers boom and spray;

And shouldering his gun, his English dog
Running beside, returns to his clean cave,
The precious cask of tools, the written log,
The parrot, his rocker on its barrel stave.

He says a prayer. The years of silence hear.
He shall be answered with a man. To learn,
To laugh, to teach, to feel a presence near,
Share his beloved resourcefulness and return.

For he has outwitted nature and shipwreck;
Some day the tapering mast will fill the west,
The castaway once more upon the deck
Gaze at two worlds, and set sail for the best.

Gladly he gives this isle to all mankind
To tread the hills and shores with countless feet.
Henceforth the globe itself swims in his mind,
The last unknown and insular retreat.

KARL SHAPIRO.

June 8, 1943,
New Guinea.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

By George Gordon McCrae.

The account following is taken, by kind permission of his son, Mr. Hugh McCrae, from the late George Gordon McCrae's manuscript reminiscences. Part of its substance, only, was known to Mr. Hugh McCrae when, in 1935, he published *My Father, and My Father's Friends.*

Adam Lindsay Gordon, take him all round, might have passed for a silent man, one who would prove his friendship by coming to sit beside another for the better part of an hour without uttering a word; the society finding its expression in a cloud of mingled tobacco-smoke. I never heard him sing nor have I met anyone who had; nor do I believe he danced, at all events not after his arrival in Victoria.

It would have been reckoned a stroke of rare good fortune to have received a letter from Gordon, for he seldom put pen to paper in the way of correspondence if it could possibly be avoided.

A man that wanted a lot of knowing, but the knowledge once acquired (there never was any ice to be broken), he became a delightful companion; breaking clean away from his ordinary habit, he would talk, though at first chiefly in undertone, of the books . . . poems, poets and romances that he most admired; of horses, hunting, cavalry-charges and duels. Here, his steely-grey eyes flashing with enthusiasm, he would exclaim aloud. There was no manner of affectation about him, whether in dress or otherwise: he was distinguished in no way from the ordinary run of men. He reached to about the medium height; thin, but well-knit, and with just that outward curving of the lower limbs which marks the horseman. He walked alertly but with a slight stoop and a forward inclination of the head. He was short-sighted to a degree as anyone would at once discover if he came across him reading a book or paper. Yet for so long as I knew him he never used either spectacles or eye-glass.

One day, asking him how he took all those fences and ditches, he replied: "I know my horse, to begin with, but though I cannot see farther than his ears, and then only as though through water, I generally get over all right." We agreed in a perfectly friendly way to differ as to the risk. He wore habitually a dark "wide-awake" hat and with it a square-tailed black velvet jacket or rather coat, 'cords' and generally had spurs on his boots. I have never yet seen a satisfactory portrait of Gordon. Those brought across from South Australia, besides being poor *as* photographs, invariably showed a self-conscious clean-shaved person without any distinguishing character.

If he ever had any taken in Melbourne or Ballarat I never saw them, but our Gordon here was a man with a full russet beard and moustache, with thick overhanging eyebrows and to whom the Adelaide pictures presented but a shade of likeness. For so young a man his forehead had some show of wrinkles and the corners of his eyes each a crowfoot with its indication of humour. He had made some very rough experiences in his time in falls from horses besides in other ways. It used to be remarked of him from time to time his avoidance of liquor; which, in the midst of all-round drinking society, had the effect of keeping him very much outside. He would take a glass of wine out of pure politeness, but there he drew the line, over which nobody could lead him. One day, rallying him on his abstemiousness, he took my hand and, placing it on his head, laid one of my fingers in a long deep hollow in the bone—I shuddered all over. It was the answer to the question—a skull fracture received in one of his falls in the field.

He sat his horse admirably; rode "long", toes down, and feet well home in the stirrups, yet I never heard of him being "dragged". In taking a leap it was his habit to throw himself back until his head touched, or nearly touched, the crupper, and recover position as he got over. It would have seemed to us though, as well as to himself, perfectly absurd to picture the long-limbed Gordon doubling himself up over the horse's wither in the squatting-frog posture of the "Tod"-seat of today.

I do not believe that he cared for much company, but, like Kendall, preferring the strict *tête-à-tête*. To know the real Gordon one should have had him all to himself, then just behind two pipes and marching along under the stars. Like several others, he was many-sided. Three sides I seem to have taken in: the Poetic side, the Sport side and the side that reflected his warm friendships; the remaining, and I feel sure equally creditable, sides may be left to others to dilate upon. A more conscientious or honourable man it were hard to meet.

He was remarkably reticent as to his past or his family-affairs, but to me as an intimate he brought (and that shortly before the end) a bundle of parchments and papers relative to the Esselmont Estate in Scotland to which he was the reputed heir. So far as the legal verbiage was understandable by a layman, I made out that Gordon was a man much to be congratulated . . . but there arrived yet further papers, and a question of entail having cropped up, the lawyers gave the case against him and thus by the irony of Fate, Gordon was out of his inheritance altogether. . . .*

* Nothing is omitted.—EDITOR.

After the death, I had written to Kendall from the "Yorick" [Club] inviting him to join us there before the funeral. In his very short note of reply he said: "I would, but that I am copperless." This the ostensible excuse, but the fact was that he was too severely shaken to be able to attend. I am perhaps one of the very few surviving who followed Gordon to the grave—one pleasant feature no heavy clods only the purest of white sand.

His rote-memory was remarkable. One day he asked me to come down to Massina's (the publishers). We went arm-in-arm and waited while the 'proofs' of "Britomarte" were got ready. After our return to the "Yorick", where we found an empty room, Gordon handed the proofs to me and I read following him on the printed paper as he marched up and down the room reciting as he went. He got through it all without a halt or error anywhere. It was characteristic of Gordon that he intoned or rather 'crooned' the work; it was in no way like the ordinary recitation. When he quoted poetry (as he not infrequently did) it was all intonation and not his usual speaking voice.

FLOOD

I

Under the shadows
dark waters rushing,
under the willows
a drowned eddy
and the far wandering foam.
Be now,
in these shadowed waters,
as storm light falling
on fallen blossoms,
fallen and floating
on urgent paths alone.

II

The unshaken branch shall bud
with blooms that are still and still,
over the circling silver flood
on the far side of the hill;
where, unreturning, lie
waters that shall receive
light from beyond the sky,
shade that is not of eve.

IAN MAXWELL.

THE INVOCATION

I

Now woman, if you have it in you to live,
this is your living body's prerogative.
You could not by yourself deliberate
what only my impatience could create
and I can do no more. This guess of mine,
all my invention, my superb design,
my courage, my challenge, my security—
I built you out of nothing: now build for me.
With your divine intelligence possess
my work; I did not spend myself for less.
I want your suffering: the intense and bare
strain of your will. I want to see you dare
this difficult thing, to walk with agony on
the knives of my imagination, one
I scarcely know—when even in your hands'
least moving something perfectly understands
all I created you to feel and be.
So I receive you, so you come to me
and as to this complete accord we move,
the imbecility of commencing love
repulsed, and the grey nauseas of fear,
the body of my redeemer enters here.
And in myself this man I have willed to know
wakes at long last: Although I planned it so
I did not know I had so much to bring,
so much I could not give—and dared not lend—
into these hands my spirit I commend . . .
O take it, for it is a precious thing.

II

They have dared the improbable dream; they have made it theirs;
the nightmare house of shadows and wavering airs
enlarged and curtained; stuffed the window tight
with a blank shutter of its outward night;
proportioned so the vast and stately bed
blessed with the pillar of darkness at the head;
tied the four posts with unseen dying flowers
—over its tall black cliff the music pours
nightlong and plunges smoothly to the deep—
and touching with their naked breasts asleep
they lie and have forgotten what joy it is:
that first impulsive charity of a kiss.
—Deep flows the stream—they do not hear it pass.
They do not know if near them stirs what was
the once beloved gesture, familiar pain.
They cannot wake back to those selves again,
by any intellectual vision learn
what precious thing frets in the weeping urn
of their content. And though the landscape still

guards the assenting accent of their hill
they will not look to see if it be there
arrested yet against voluptuous air.
They have walked on, away, and out of mind
over the world's end—what they ached to find
abandoned—the hollow mountain ate them up.
No use to shout far down the spiral cup
of the void ear: these bodies have taken over;
Look here for love—you will not find the lover . . .
Only a moment, it may be, they toss,
Smile, and so touch the treasure of their loss.

III

So I perceive this last astonishment
in you: that even the indifferent
and things outlived and lost and left behind
do not remain unchanged within the mind,
but have their own life still, and that you grow
daily in me, whether I will or no.
Now even at night and lying long awake
descending step by step the stairs that take
me down the dark—the grey enormous stair—
I cannot summon you as once you were:
You come with a new movement; the surprise
of unaccustomed hands, reluctant eyes,
menstrual, remote.
Unsummoned, you are still
there: a cancer ripening in the will
pushing its intricate trespass furtively
in the soft belly fibre. Now I see
the horror of Love, the sprouting cannibal plant
that it becomes—O God! What do you want?
What do you want? Do you know where you are?
This my room, my mind: Get out of here!
Take your damned clothes, your two-sex thoughts, your laugh!
Back to the simper on the photograph
that was your smile, and is your smile no more.
I have gone into my silence, closed a door
Upon the comfort of its emptiness.
Why do you trouble it then? And should you guess
the magic syllables, I have made it bare.
What do you hope? Even though I am there,
do you expect your body again with me
to utter in its guttural majesty
the accent of life? . . . Or would you dare to build
a garden suburb of kindness where we piled
our terrible sexual landscape, heap on heap
of raging mountains? No more! I know too well
my need of loss, how easily we keep
the vision that once could make the heart rebel
changed to a song that gives the children sleep.

1941. A. D. Hope.

A HARPUR DISCOVERY

(Contributed)

It is not often that manuscripts in the holograph of Charles Harpur come to light. Particular interest, therefore, attaches to a copy of his *The Bushrangers, A Play in Five Acts, and Other Poems* [Sydney: Published by W. R. Piddington, George Street. MDCCCLIII], which is inscribed in the author's own handwriting:

> The Rev. John Dunmore Lang.
>
> Presented in testimony of the Author's profound admiration for his character and public career, and of his gratitude for the great and manifold services he has rendered to his country,

with the following Sonnet:

SONNET

Little perhaps thou valuest verse of mine—
Little hast read of aught my hand hath wrought,
Yet I with thy brave memory would entwine
Immortal amaranth. For thou well hast fought
For Freedom; well her sacred lesson taught;
Well baffled Wrong; well delved with far design
Into those elements where Truth's treasures shine
Richlier than those wherewith our hills are fraught.
And when thy glorious grey head shall make
One spot all-hallowed for the coming days,—
Tombed in the Golden Land for whose sole sake
With labour thou hast furrowed all thy ways,
Well a young Nation shall thy worth appraise
Through the great grief that from its heart shall break.

CHARLES HARPUR.

Granbelang,
December, 1853.

RECOLLECTION OF MUBO

Plasmodia in sympathy
With watered sunlight breeding heat
(Exponents of the mystery
That staggers beerless heads and feet)

Decline to mate in human blood
But rather spend their sporting days
On wings beyond the tossing flood
Of sweat and fevered eyes' hot haze.

Men do not need oases there
Or heed distempered sticky shade,
For water is their very air
Where even desert is dismayed.

R. T. DUNLOP.

JOHNSON FRUSTRATED

"Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough?"

By Hugh McCrae

He disappeared down the hollow of the tree. His neck broken in two places.

No noise. No blood.

And now, Dawson, having shovelled about eight pounds of dirt on top of his head, banged the spade (erstwhile tool-box) empty, and returned to the car.

Together, we pushed the beastly thing on to the road.

Then got in.

Dawson settled to his place at the wheel, while I found room in the back, among suitcases, manuscripts, and books; as much as the car could hold. Once, his: now, ours. We, the self-appointed heirs, and legatees.

A horrid day outside. Black and wet. Clouds grafted into the sky, with that look of foreverness recorded by artists of the ante-diluvian "wooden-cut" school.

A difficult hour to paint.

I rubbed the window-glass with a glove to see better; but it stayed smudged: so, in the end, I said "Go to the devil!", and waited for Dawson to start. Dawson didn't. Instead, he dismounted, and opening my door, took away both money-bags and stowed them in front.

Then, I realised how much safer I was in the back: safer, for instance, than if I occupied the driver's seat—with Dawson behind.

(You must know I was born timid: a congenital misfortune, which I try to hide.)

Now again, after a skid of, perhaps, two hundred yards, Dawson pressed down the brakes; and, with a wave of his hand, seemed to lasso me from the car.

Without words, he walked beside me beyond sight of our stopping-place, until at last we came upon a tree, broken off about six feet up.

Dawson said: "This paddock is thick with them." "S'elp me God, it is!" After a pause, he added: "Do a man good to be buried here. Plenty of fresh air, and—flowers, and—birds, and—all that sort of thing."

"Quite! Quite!" I agreed.

He asked me . . . ordered me . . . to sit down. Sat down, himself, too, on the hard grass.

"About this stuff of ours?" he continued. "The quids are all mine. *That's* agreed upon."

"Yu—yes."

"Oh! I'm the mug, am I? You'd double-cross *ME*; would you?"

"I merely want the manuscripts"—then, in case he mightn't understand—"the papers."

I was so frightened, it became hard for me to breathe.

"Oh, yeah! . . . Only want the papers! . . . Me, with thousands of smackers in the bag . . . THOUSANDS! . . . And you only want the papers? . . .

"Well; *take* the papers! . . . And, by Gee! Take-your-hands-out-of-your-pockets-too!! Quick-and-lively! Else, I'll do you in!!!"

But I had the drop on him; and he fell across my knees so peacefully that I knew he wasn't playing dog-o.

I got up, and examined the tree.

A sheath, strong as iron, encircled Mr. Dawson's funeral-hollow; and there were broken warts outside that made steps high enough to enable me to see in . . . to estimate how deep and roomy it was; how velveted within.

Tree-dust, I had gathered at the top, ran like lava from my hand, and, while it moved smoothly down the interior, I thought how voluptuously happy any tenant of that place could be.

So I dumped him; and beautiful flocculi blew upwards, shaking the foliage of other trees.

The only sound, a dull corrugated thud.

Then, the old business, with the tool-box for a shovel—"putting in the dirt".

Henceforward, the car would be mine; mine only, and all that therein was; the bagged-money, good clothes, boxes of cigars, four umbrellas, a case of *Chambertin* (eclipsing the wines of Bordeaux), and books, galore.

Yet none of these compared for one moment with a certain manuscript: a manuscript I shall name later on.

I was so happy that I went supperless to bed in the car: and slept soundly through the night: but woke with a concealed start when a policeman put his hand in at the window and told me to get up.

Pretending to snore, I parted my eyelids just enough to separate the lashes: saw his face (a handsome one) and——let fly.

He was quite dead when I laid him on the floor of the 'bus; and his long legs kept the door open while I drove along in search of some suitable tree.

At last, I found the ideal thing: a stump, taller than the others, with branches that touched the ground, making ascent easy to its top.

Yet I bungled the job, and the constable went to the bottom upside down.

Afterwards, I saw many more hollow trees; but, not having anybody to put into them, pressed my foot against the accelerator and kept it there until I reached this pub.

Well, here I am, *still,* at this pub; and let me tell you, in confidence, that those three galoots in the billiard-room have warrants for my arrest. They've already seized the car, and the cash, and the *Chambertin,* and the four umbrellas: BUT . . . come closer, in case they overhear . . . they shall never, never, lay hands on the manuscript: the most interesting, the most enchanting, the most rare, and

. . . EASILY . . .

the most valuable asset I've got.

. . . . . .

If you want to know its name, walk round here in the shadow of the bed. And I haven't any gat——so you needn't be afraid.

'Well; that was *his* story.

With a map of the district to guide me, I spent the whole of yesterday afternoon at Pinkabilly scrub, checking-up from Fat George's horse-paddock to the ford at Brandy Creek: and actually found the title-page of the manuscript.

All that was left.

The rest had been destroyed by grass-fires. Big packages, black and smoking; with gold edges on the side nearest the wind.

The title-page, almost marginless, had become round, instead of square; and looked like charred pancake in my hand. Nevertheless, it still retained goosequill scribendum . . . eighteenth century style.

While I was verifying it, a frightened hare bumped against my leg. Consequently, I dropped the page, which fell down a crevice-hole; and, when I stooped to recover it, was myself bitten by a flame—death-torch to

The Life of James Boswell, Esquire,
By Samuel Johnson, LL.D.

WAMBA

Murkal now stiffens: wamba seems the moon
with ho-too-worries guttering his face
hounded by Wibbi who, with eldrich moan,
gibbers and stutters through the landscape lone,
a woor and moora-moora haunted place
where wan moongarrahs crowd Oongwalla's noon.

Now is the time when doowees gather form
and wreathe wilpina-wise from out the brain,
mazing the sleeper with waerawi grim
of Murriang's glamour and the Wurk Kerim
where Dooloomai makes warrhul o'er the plain,
dread voice of Byamee from out the storm.

Now is the time Boolooral frights the airs
with strigil scream where wait-jurks lurk and cower:
and Wa-wa writhes and slobbers in his pool
and werbas kwark within the goolagool,
while gurly-gurlies shun the kootchie's glower
and mura-muras whimper in their lairs.

The curlew catapults from dreadful dreams
to tumble in the tumult of the night:
Weeloo! he wails; *Weeloo!* and yet again,
startling the goomblegubbons on the plain,
hailing the *mad star,* Wamba's lurid light
whose wild chaotic essence earthward streams.

This verse seeks to illustrate the suggestive value of Native Australian words in English verse. The vocabulary is from J. Devaney's *The Vanished Tribes*:

Murkal: darkness.
Wamba: mad; the red planet.
Ho-too-worries: clouds.
Wibbi: the wind.
Woor: demon.
Moora-moora: demon.
Moongarrah: ghost.
Oongwalla: night.
Doowee: dream-self which leaves the sleeping body to wander in the night.
Wilpina: smoke.
Waerawi: dream.
Murriang: the place where the ocean ends, the next world.
Wurk Kerim: the Dark Place, Death.
Dooloomai: thunder.
Warrhul: echo.
Byamee: the Great Spirit.
Boolooral: owl.
Wait-jurk: murderer.
Wa-wa: Water Demon.

Werba: frog.
Goolagool.: water-holding hollow tree.
Gurly-gurly: shadow, ghost.
Kootchie: demon.
Mura-mura: primitive beings, almost human.
Weeloo: curlew.
Goomblegubbons: bustards, turkeys.

PETER HOPEGOOD.

STORM—CENTRAL STATION

Stolidly waiting for my wonted train,
while the day brooded sullenly towards its close
and the hush grew so intense that it could be felt
above the preposterous clamour of wheel on rail,
I looked across to a troop train slowly filling
with the young lads, the gay lads, now stolid as I,
stolid as cattle, crushed by the weight of youth,
weight of farewell, weight of the burdened air.

And I saw troop trains also in Tokio,
troop trains in Moscow, London or Berlin,
New York and Montreal, Cape Town or Rome,
all of them slowly, inexorably filling
with the young lads, the brave lads; and suddenly, suddenly
as at a thing become intolerable
the tempest crashed like doom across the sky
and crashed too in rebellion through the flesh
till jagged lightning matched with ragged nerves
and little fellow heart within the breast
drummed out his puny thunder, echoing
the heavens' reverberation, and the eyes
mirrored in tears the torrents of the rain.

And oh, the whole being cried: 'here is relief'.
because for a span the grey wall of the rain
cut off the world and all reality.
Almost the tortured mind believed that here
with this vast cleansing, sanity would return
and we might wake as from an evil dream.

But the storm passed, and there was the troop train still.

27/10/43.

KATHLEEN MCKAY.

MOTHER OF DAN

By Murray Gordon

Stephen came down the street looking for the numbers of the houses. He was sweating a little; it had been the devil's own job to find the place. At the bottom, where there was a brick kiln, two women were talking over their side fence. He went down to them and spoke to one of them.

"Which house is number forty-four?" he asked.

The woman, although she had been watching him as he came down the street, was taken unawares. "Number forty-four?" she said. "Er, why, that's Mrs. Herriot", and she pointed with two fingers to the woman whom she had been talking to. The other woman looked at him, came down her path, stopped, half smiled, took another step, and waited.

Stephen fumbled with the gate. I'll wait till I get right up to her before I say anything, he thought. But as he went through the gate he spoke.

"Mrs. Herriot, I recognise you from the photograph. I am Stephen Howard."

"Yes?" she said.

"I was with Dan at Darwin."

"Yes", she said, her face lighting up with pleasure. "Oh yes, Dan has told me about you. Do come in."

She pushed her body against the door to open it. "This door has been stuck for the past month; it's the wet weather we've been having.

"Come in", she said. "You'll stay for lunch, won't you?"

"Well, no. I can only stay for a quarter of an hour. I have to be back in town at twelve o'clock." And he looked back at the eyes that he knew so well, the green up-slanting eyes, expressive and penetrating.

"Well, you will have a cup of tea, won't you, Howard?"

"Yes, I'd like that, thank you."

"Please sit down", she said, and went to a drawer for a cloth.

"Now you're the one who took the photos of Dan, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"That was a lovely one taken with the revolver. I've got it here somewhere; I've put it into a little frame I had." She produced it and showed it to him. "Now that is an excellent photo of Dan", she said. "His father would have loved that; he was very keen on photography."

He looked at the photograph that he had often looked at, and then at her, looked up into a face glowing with some strange emotion, into Dan's eyes staring at him from out of the head of this huge woman.

"Do you live in Sydney?" she asked.

"No, in Melbourne. I am here for part of my leave. I have a lot of friends in Sydney."

"Oh yes? That's nice."

"Excuse me", she said, and disappeared into the kitchen. Stephen looked around the room, at a vase of artificial flowers on the wireless, at lace curtains, and at a magnificent portrait of Dan as a corporal, on the piano.

She returned with cups and saucers, which she sorted on a bridge table.

"Did you have any difficulty in finding the place?" she asked.

"It was all very confusing. It has taken me about an hour to get here."

"What a shame", she said, looking down at him the way Dan did when he waited with Stephen for the ambulance to come that time when Stephen had gastro-enteritis during the manoeuvre. "It is such a long way out. Are you staying at a place in town?"

"No, I have a sister at Cremorne Point."

"That's nice. How long were you with Dan altogether?"

"Eleven months."

"You were there when it happened, weren't you?"

"Yes."

But she knows that, he thought, I wrote to her about it. How her eyes searched his face! As if they were trying to see through into his mind.

"Will you tell me about it when I've made the tea?"

Oh God, he thought, to tell her about it. . . And yet, that was what he had come for, to lead her grief into a definite channel, and to let her know why she mourned for her son.

"Excuse me", she said, "I think the kettle must be boiling."

She returned carrying an enamelled teapot. "Do you take milk, Howard?"

"No milk, thank you."

She poured the tea.

"Mrs. Herriot, Howard is my surname."

"How silly of me, I'm so sorry."

"It's all right, everybody gets them mixed."

"Then—er—what's your first name?"

"Stephen."

"Yes, Stephen, I remember it now. Stephen Howard. I've got it right now, haven't I?" she said, smiling.

She passed a plate to him. "I made these cakes yesterday; they're very nice."

He took one.

"You say you haven't much time", she said. "That is a pity."

He knew what she meant, but he couldn't dive cold-bloodedly into the story.

"Dan takes after you", he said.

"Yes, everybody says that. He wasn't like his father a scrap. But I think that is customary, boys take after their mothers and girls take after their fathers, don't you think?"

"I have never taken much notice of it."

"It is a pity that you cannot stay longer", she said; "I could show you Dan as he grew up. I have got all his years well recorded." He didn't know what she meant. "My husband was a keen photographer while he was alive; he was always taking photos of Dan. I still have his cameras and things. I was hoping some day Dan would take an interest in it. But he never took to it. You are interested in it, aren't you, Stephen? Dan told me all about the photos you used to take."

"That's a fine photo of Dan on the piano."

"Yes, it is", she agreed. "That was taken just before he went to Darwin; he was nineteen then." As he looked at her he knew that she wasn't going to break down. She had Dan's spirit. But she stared at him so! She was so hungry for news of her son buried up there. It is natural I suppose, he thought.

Her son had lived there behind the face, his life through all those years was held there, recorded by her eyes and stored there in her mind. Years piled up on years, and as they slipped away behind Dan, so they gathered in her memory. His youthful years were never lost, because she had his life there, and all the twenty years of him were shining down from her now, and Dan from baby to soldier looked down at him.

He began telling her the story.

"It happened on a manoeuvre", he said. "It was arranged for Dan to go back to camp in the company ration truck because he had been up nearly all night working. So that I could go on the truck too I feigned pains in the stomach. As I had been stricken with gastro-enteritis a few weeks earlier they believed me.

"But we missed the truck. We were to wait for it at a certain turn in the track, but we didn't find it. It was dark, you see; the battalion moved off before dawn. When we got back to the place where we had camped during the night, to move with the marching personnel, we found that they had gone, the whole battalion had gone. So we conspired; we said we wouldn't chase our company, but would go back leisurely on our own, cut off as much distance as we could, and rest when we wanted to. Which we did.

"But we got a bit lost. We had made for a certain line of hills, which was deceptive, and we were following the wrong ridge. That is how we discovered the place. We went down into a gully, intending to get to a saddle in the ridge that we were familiar with, but when we got down to the bottom of the gully we found a running stream and one of the most beautiful pockets of scenery either of us had seen. Everything was so lovely there that we both got an overwhelming desire to follow the stream up. So we did, and after we had gone about a mile we found that we were entering a gorge, which became deeper and more magnificent the further we went.

"We stopped there for lunch; we built a fire by the stream and sat on a flat rock and ate. Usually we only carried bully beef and army biscuits, but this time we had brought with us a tin of apricots too. We boiled some water and made tea, and rested there and talked."

How brightly her eyes shone as she looked at him! She was seizing every word he spoke, she wanted him to go on, to tell it all. He went on with his story.

"It is a strange thing, but Dan talked a lot about his childhood that day. I let him talk—he usually was the one who did the talking and I the one who listened. He told me about early holidays he had had up the coast, about playing by himself all alone on the long wide beaches. It was lovely to listen to; he was almost lyrical. He told me about the dog he had called Pongo, who rambled over the country with him, about lizards he had watched and birds he had listened to.

"He talked on for a long time, about all the places he loved so well, that I have never seen, but places that I loved because he did, places that I knew because he talked about them so often. But never in such retrospective delight as he did that day. Perhaps he knew, perhaps he knew that he would die that day."

Her eyes became misty. She looked over his head and she became the woman who had watched Dan as a boy.

I'll have to go, he thought, I'll have to leave her, I cannot bear it any more, to be gazed upon as Dan has been, I cannot bear to think of being linked with Dan in this way.

He frowned and rubbed his knuckle between his eyes.

"You haven't got a headache, have you, Stephen?" she asked.

"No", he said, "it is all right." And he continued.

"We were there for about an hour and a half, and then I suggested that we push on, to see how far we could go into the gorge. So we packed our haversacks, and went further into it, with the walls of it rising hard and grim over our heads.

"I was following Dan, about twenty paces behind him. I heard him

let out a cry, and then he said, ''Struth, look at this!' And I came round a boulder and saw what had made him let out that cry of delight. In front of us was the end of the gorge. From over the top of it came our stream in a sparkling trickle of silver water, into a pool on a ledge forty feet below, this overflowing with another waterfall dropping sixty feet into a rock-bound pool at our feet.

"We watched the water for a few seconds, and then without saying a word we started taking off our clothes, and in a minute we dropped into the pool. It was the coolest water I had felt in all the time I was in the Territory, cooler even than the rain that we used to stand in when it was heavy enough. We swam about with slow strokes, and stood on a submerged rock directly under the waterfall, to feel it heavy on our heads and shoulders.

"We dried in the sun and dressed, and Dan suggested that we climb the face of the cliff to see the place from the top. I protested that it was dangerous, but he set off climbing the rock, and I followed. I followed because I couldn't bear to be left behind. It was as dangerous as it looked, and I had a hard time keeping my nerve.

"But not so Dan. He loved to climb, and all the time I was following him he kept jeering at me for my white face and trembling legs. But I followed him to the top, startling jewlizards, grabbing at clumps of grass, pulling myself over ledges and round rocks, following him upwards, cutting my knees and scraping my palms, grimly concentrating on the heels of Dan's boots, looking up and not down, until I reached the top gasping and sweating, to have him grinning at me in good-natured derision.

"I sat on the edge with him and looked down at the beauty of it all, the trees growing up towards us, the creek disappearing into the mass of them, the sound of water splashing into the pool we had swum in. . . .

"But then it happened—then Dan wanted to climb down. I protested hotly, telling him it was stupid and risky; it is so much harder to climb down than to go up; I wanted us to make our way direct from there to the ridge that we had set out for in the first place; I told him I wouldn't climb down with him. But he jeered at me, and began descending. I watched him going, in fear for him and terror for myself, because I knew that I would have to follow. I didn't know what to do. And then, as I watched, he lost his grip, clutched frantically at the rock, yelled something at me, and fell.

"I climbed down, I don't know how, but I got to the bottom. He was dead, of course. His back was broken. I could do nothing for him.

"Next day I led a party to the spot, and they carried him on a stretcher to the nearest track, and took him back in a truck. They . . . we buried him in a little army cemetery, four rows of white crosses with a fence around them, under the shadow of pandanus."

He had told her. He couldn't look into her face again, her eyes sought too much. But he did look up. "That is how it happened", he said.

Her eyes blazed with a fierce desperate flame. For an agonizing moment she looked at him. He looked back, and, shuddering, gazed into her gaze, look locked in look in the hot silence of the room, with neither breathing, he choking in it, with trembling hands and sweat on his face, as she stared and stared.

"You don't believe me", he whispered.

And her eyes swam in tears.

"You know how it happened", he said.

Tears brimmed over in her eyes.

Ten minutes later he left; he went up the street with the sun still shining, the woman in the house next door sitting in it, bare-footed children playing in it.

She had drawn the truth out of him, she who was the life of her son still. How could he tell her otherwise? He had told her the truth, as much as he knew it, because what is truth? We cannot even tell it to ourselves when we want to. Truth and lies are one, and flow together.

But what he could believe was true he had told her, how he had watched Dan climbing down where he himself dared not go, how overcome with envy, frustration or whatever it was, he had begun madly to hurl stones at the climbing figure, how when Dan looked up and yelled to him to cut it out, he had been possessed with greater madness to destroy the unattainable and so catch up and be Dan's equal. And he had told her how one of the rocks had hit Dan and how Dan had lost his grip, yelled abuse at him, and fallen.

The great body of the woman that had breathed Dan into life and now breathed the echo of his life had shaken in great sobs. The eyes searched no longer, having found what they sought, and had closed in grief for her son.

And he had left her.

He came to the main road, and stood by the park kicking tufts of damp grass into a decaying slit-trench. He caught a tram, and gave twopence to the conductor. "Will this tram get to the city by twelve o'clock?" he said.

MISS HARDY'S *DONNE**

ADDITIONAL REMARKS

1. On page 57, Jonson is said to have adjudged Donne, "for some things", "the first poet in the land". According to Drummond of Hawthornden, Jonson esteemed Donne "the first poet in the World in some things"—which makes all but a world of difference. In the index there is no reference to this quotation. On the same page, other remarks of Jonson are reproduced carelessly. Pages 131 and 139 show further misquotation or perversion of the Conversations with Drummond.

2. Pages 72-3: "Of the number of Donne's adventures [as a lover], or of the seriousness of their character, no proof at all exists, . . ." A footnote subjoins: "Baker in his *Chronicles of the Kings of England,* 1732, p. 424, calls him 'a great visitor of ladies' but expressly adds that his old acquaintance 'was not dissolute'."

Sir Richard Baker published *A Chronicle,* etc., first in 1643. Among the men of learning in the reign of James I he commemorated "two of my own old acquaintance, the one was Mr. *John Dunne,* who leaving Oxford, lived at the *Innes of Court,* not dissolute [i.e. careless of his appearance], but very neat [i.e. well-dressed]; a great Visiter of Ladies, a great frequenter of Playes, a great writer of conceited Verses . . ."†—in short, a man about town and wit. The ladies Donne liked to visit were presumably titled personages such as the Countess of Bedford and the Countess of Huntingdon, who were his friends later. Miss Hardy should be soundly smacked for deliberate (if partly ignorant) distortion.

3. Page 82, "Forthink": this should be "Forethink".

4. To her credit, Miss Hardy opens, on pages 172-3, an enquiry into a neglected subject, the literary relations between Donne and Shakespeare. Donne has been seen as the possible living original of Hamlet, but no one has fully examined the resemblances in idea and phrasing found in the two writers' works. Miss Hardy well suggests that "Hamlet's creator and the author of *The Progress* [*of the Soul*] were probably closer to one another than has yet been proven."

R.G.H.

I LOVED YOU . . .

I loved you, and a trace of that love's passion
Unquenched within my soul may yet remain;
But all I seek is not in any fashion
To sadden you or bring you further pain.
I loved in silence, hopelessly, but dearly,
Now shyly, now with jealousy aflame;
I loved you, O so fondly, so sincerely—
God grant to you another's love the same.

A. S. Pushkin.
(Translated from the Russian by R. H. Morrison.)

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* See Mr. Milgate's article in this number.
† Third edition, 1660, page 450.

WRITER AND READER

THEIR REACH EXCEEDS THEIR GRASP

Angry Penguins, September, 1943. Edited by Max Harris and John Reed. (Reed and Harris, Melbourne. 2s. 6d.)

Angry Penguins is a modest publication. "Valuable", "valid" and "vital" are the adjectives it likes to apply to itself. Yet, in the September, 1943, number, one finds mainly heated disputings over stale issues, some echoes of what has been better done before and much that is pretentious, spurious or merely silly.

The editorial advertises "the inclusion of a considerable amount of highly contentious art-political material" dealing with problems "vital to all artists". This, however, turns out to be only the old argument about whether artists should be political propagandists or not, and is occasioned by the apostasy of Albert Tucker. Mr. Tucker has fallen out with the Communist Party and in an essay "Art, Myth and Society", published in *Angry Penguins,* No. 4, accused his former brethren of wanting to dictate to the artist about his subject matter and method of treatment. Communism, he said, requires the artist to present a statement about political and social problems and to argue for the Marxist solution of these problems. There are two replies to Mr. Tucker's accusations in the September issue. One is by Noel Counihan, who, so the editors explain, virtually demanded that they publish his article "How Albert Tucker Misrepresents Marxism". In this article, he claims to refute Mr. Tucker by the argument that the great Communists were vitally concerned with art, or rather, were vitally concerned that art should be realistic, realism meaning "the truthful reproduction of the principle that the emancipation of the working class ought to be the cause of the working class itself". In other words, as Mr. Tucker said, art is only art, or at any rate only great art when it is politics. The other criticism of Mr. Tucker's views is by Harry de Hartog, who in "Fascism in the Making" also confuses questions of art and politics. A clue to this writer's attitude to art is his opinion that it is only fair for Russian artists who have received free tuition from the state to be required, in payment, to glorify the Soviet Union. He simply does not raise the question of the artist's integrity and would criticise "Art for Art's sake" not as an artistic doctrine but as a theory having dangerous political implications.

For theorising about art, there is an essay "Reintegration and the Apocalypse" by Ivor Francis. Very amusing is the picture Mr. Francis draws of himself as waiting helplessly for his cultural pap from overseas. He reveals that he has at last found in a movement called Apocalypticism the solution to a problem that has been worrying him, namely: how to make his surrealistic outpourings intelligible to himself. The trick lies in the use of the myth. It is of course the personal myth that is referred to and the outsider need not expect to understand it any better than he could the automatic pouring forth of the artist's subconscious, or ever to find out whether the artist's subconscious is worth mything about with. This -ism which Mr. Francis hails as something new is, in fact, just another withdrawal into an Ivory Tower.

Art-criticism is represented by John Reed's "Introduction to John Perceval". You talk very impressively, Mr. Reed, and say almost nothing. When you describe Perceval's "Man" as grotesque, you are making a definite statement, with which, by the way, no one would disagree. But when you give it as your opinion that his "Child with Cat" shows "a developed power of concentrating and epitomising emotional and visual experience", one is not in a position to

agree or disagree with you until you explain of what emotional and visual experience you consider this to be the epitome and concentrate. You record that all who have seen this picture have been immediately captivated by it. But supposing, merely for argument's sake, that someone does not experience this reaction, would your "Introduction" help him towards an appreciation of Perceval's art, when you omit to record also what are the qualities that all these previous spectators have found so captivating? One rather suspects that you do not know what it is all about yourself.

Though the short stories in this issue of *Angry Penguins* contain some competent writing, they are not outstanding. Hal Porter's "And Nothing More" has a Melbourne setting and tells of love which begins in an odd inconsequential way and ends when shiftless penury introduces a jarring note into the lovers' Bohemian paradise. It is in the form of an easy-flowing monologue, which, one feels, the author once having got the trick of it could sustain indefinitely, and is full of a wistful gaiety that is no novelty in tales of the "Do you remember?" type. Mr. Porter displays a flair for the exotic and, taking advantage of the scope afforded by the theme, packs his story with bizarre details and highly flavoured phrases. A contrast to the profuseness of Mr. Porter's work is provided by the sombre tone of Peter Cowan's "Living". In this story, Mr. Cowan depicts against the background of the monotony and hopeless grind of the small farmer's life the anguish of a pedestrian mind. Such a theme does not require subtlety in the handling. The chief means of building up the desired effect of dullness are the repetition of a few set phrases and the use of everyday idiom and brief, jerky sentences. Frank Kellaway's "Stone Cross" is about the sufferings of a woman separated from her husband by the war. The C.O.'s refusal to grant the man compassionate leave is taken as a symbol of the sins of the world, while the husband, deliberately embracing physical torture and finding comfort in it, is equated with Christ. Are not the incidents too paltry to load with this heavy significance?

In the verse contributions the poetasters practise the old familiar tricks. There is the glib juxtaposition of the usual noun and the expected unexpected adjective: "ultimate horror", "sibilant illusions", "neutral groping". There is the deliberate mixing of the poetical and commonplace, the mingling of such lines as "Time has called smoke-o" and "Soon the lilac silences of sleep". There are the technical images, second-hand ("Time's seismograph") or coruscating ("thaumaturgic geometry of fears"), the medical jargon ("thrombosis", "autopsies") and the erudite epithets ("solipsistic", "ichoric", "fugacious"). All these strike one as having been dragged in for their own sake and result in an inflated and self-conscious style. Consider this verse (from Clem Christesen's "Paul Pentecost and the Mocking Bird"), the first line of which is mere platitude:

> Time's seismograph now writes in blood,
> The spirit suffers a thrombosis;
> But historical autopsies of the past
> Hold forth no promise of prognosis.

In this poem, in which he sets down the night-thoughts of a soldier camped in a "eucalyptus-scented billabong", Mr. Christesen seems to be still lost in the Waste Land. The lines

> My mocking-bird fouls the window ledge,
> Leers obscenely through the leprous light
> Of dawn;

recall "The nightingale . . . cried . . . 'Jug, jug' to dirty ears" and rashly invite the comparison of Mr. Christesen's verse with Eliot's poems.

In "Love Song of the Bourgeoisie who got out of step with the march of time", Max Harris scoffs at the moral bankruptcy of the aristocracy and hands the middle classes a Dead Sea apple as a booby prize. Following Eliot's lead in using the nursery rhyme, Mr. Harris uses the ballad for ironic effect; and on the whole his lines of four stresses maintain their walloping rhythm. Some of them, however, such as "She liquidates love's Trotskyism with accents hard", refuse to jingle. As for "Cathartic", its piled-up imagery and highly compressed metaphors are out of all proportion to the slightness of the idea contained in the poem, that love may be purified by reviewing old sorrows. But this versifier is not distinguished for restraint in the use of decoration; and it is nothing more than decoration.

The two poems "The Moon's Your God, Cat" and "Opposum" [*sic*] by John Tallis are in the manner of D. H. Lawrence's *Birds, Beasts and Flowers.* Mr. Tallis tries, not unsuccessfully, to reproduce by means of free verse the fragmentariness and jerkiness of spontaneous utterance and talks to the cat and opossum as Lawrence apostrophises the mosquito. There is an attempt, not very well sustained, to get into the animal's mind, to describe its way of experiencing and the quality of its reactions to humans, but Mr. Tallis has nothing like Lawrence's power of conveying sensation.

Alister Kershaw's "Denunciad" (does the author realise his title means epic of the denunces?) is an undergraduatish exercise in abuse, sometimes funny and most closely approaching its model in the obscenity of its images. Its heroic couplets march stiffly for the most part, but sometimes get out of step. One hopes it will remain—unfinished. Geoffrey Dutton's "Nightflight and Sunrise" accepts the identification of darkness with the soul and imagines the nightflier to be, perhaps, the exploring intellect. His description of the earth spread out beneath the airman shows some keen observation, as in the phrase "creeks veined like a walnut". In "The Angel" Mr. Dutton renders into free verse the rhymed quatrains of Arthur Rimbaud's "Les Soeurs de Charité"; he omits freely and paraphrases in places. The not unpleasantly sing-song metre of Elisabeth Lambert's "Poem" is reminiscent of the simple rhythms of some of de la Mare's verses. While Muir Holburn in "Poem" and Max Harris in "The Bird" lament somebody's spiritual death, Lola Van Gooch in her "Poem" tries not to grow sentimental over a kiss and in the trifle "The Clowns and the Birds Twittering" heaves a sigh of ennui. H. M. Swan's "Poem" is chiefly remarkable for its careless rhyming, Frank Kellaway's "The Single Mind" for its erratic use of words, and Frank Davies's "Waiting Lover" for the fact that it is printed as verse at all. Mr. Harris has also thought it worth while to publish, besides a love poem called "Lullaby", some trivial verselets of his.

In keeping with the emphasis *Angry Penguins* likes to place upon its relations with other literatures, there are some reprints of English, American and Greek poems as well as an appreciation of the writings of Henry Miller by Ken Pittendrigh and a short article on Rembrandt by H. P. Kremer. The issue concludes with criticisms of Lionel Lindsay's *Addled Art* by Adrian Lawlor and others.

JOYCE ACKROYD.

"AFFIRMATION" IN *POETRY*

Poetry: A Quarterly of Australian and New Zealand Verse. Edited by Flexmore Hudson. Nos. 7, 8 and 9. (Editor, Lucindale, S.A. 1943. 1s. 6d. each.)

A preface to No. 8 by Mr. Flexmore Hudson explains his principles of choice in making these selections. He demands genuineness of emotion and holds a brief for no school or theory; he is broad-minded on the matter of "obscurity" and has passed an Exclusion Act against only Max Harris and the Surrealists. The proof of the pudding is that more than thirty poets contribute the fifty-odd poems in these numbers, so that, granted the inevitable variation of quality, the editor's claim of representativeness is justified.

The Jindyworobak "back to the aborigine and forward to the dawn" attitude is represented principally by Ian Mudie, and may I be pardoned—*saeva indignatio*—for mentioning him first? In "Murray Night" Mudie (with the name of a capital city after his signature) wishes paddle-steamers back on the Darling; "Cause for Song" presents a saved young man, "Prelude for Heroes" much Stone Age paraphernalia. All of which is strange meat for a Westerner like myself; these days we are very glad to be suburbanites at some distance from the G.P.O.—and let Mr. Mudie try to change us! He is annoying—and self-destructive—for, when in "Space-Time Continuum" he stops trying to get ideas home to those who don't read poetry in any case, he achieves his better phrasing.

Australian poetry is not deficient in craftsmanship. From opposite sides of the field of any poet's working mind the armies of Honesty and Craftsmanship advance and somewhere throw their rifles and light cigarettes. A dead-centre line may be an ideal or an indefinable myth, but in overseas contemporaries like Auden and MacNeice the forces of Honesty seem often to advance with too outstripping a colonial ruggedness, while in our native poets the commingling seems, generally, still to be at the other end of the field where it looked good once to "serious" poets in reaction from the ballad school. Thus, Brian Vrepont is represented in No. 7 alone by four poems in which the utterance could well have been trimmed and checked. Vrepont is never at his best when he indulges in verse his love of music, and here, in "Bustabo and the Composers", he flogs aural perceptions into suffocating visual profusion until one yearns for another Vrepont, the neat observer. "The Willows" and "Kol Nidrei" are, similarly, unexceptionable in sentiment but pasted thick with repetition and with compounds in Vrepont's ingenious worst fashion.

Rex Ingamells might well have been mentioned along with Ian Mudie on the score of his "Tribute", an elegy, by far the longest poem in these numbers. A past companionship is celebrated—two young men who "talked over midnight coffee" (very urban). Of what?—philosophy from Akhnaton to Shelley (observe the time-limit), Australian exploration, Alcheringa. I find Ingamells protesting too much, too, in his attractively written catalogue of those natural beauties in which he sees his dead friend still living, somehow pantheistically, by the power of love. There comes the direct statement that these poetic divinations "affirm the actuality of your dreams".

The word "affirm" is a good cue. So many of the most vocal critics in the country are talking of the necessity for poetry to make an "affirmation" of some sort or another that it is tempting to examine *Poetry* from this point of view. Of course, "affirmation" is a horse of any colour you care to give it and it has ever been only necessary for a poet to say he liked anything to get into

invigorating anthologies. But a strong, "mature" happiness is in most critics' minds the mark of a modern affirmation, and what of this is there here? There is the Utopian Alcheringaism; there is Norma Davis's body—no longer that of a simple Wordsworthian but of Madame Pompadour intoning the Song of Solomon to herself by moonlight ("Moon Madness")—no longer content with the impact of wind and sun but threatening ecstatic reprisals ("In Such Time"); there is Peter Miles, the movement of whose verse, whether free or rhymed, has often a flowing, quiet grace that can, as in "Dedication to a Book" and "You Stood in Sunlight", thrust suddenly in the last line, and who, in "Poem About Love" and the tenderly conceived "Letter to Ann", finds a purpose in his love—yet love as a refuge in a world where "only fools and angels can have hope". There are six poems by J. R. Hervey: "Neighbours" comments on the individual's isolation, "Bomber's Moon" deplores war's ravages, "Lament", verbally the most impressive poem, asserts there is "no corner from malevolence", and only in "My Son" is there a positive flare as the poet contemplates beyond his time "new offensives leaping". But this is no more, I suppose, than to say that life gets itself through, and no more an "affirmation" than Eliot's "making the most of the mess we have made of things".

One answer to the Australian affirmationists is that even that (in prose) fact-dissolving old man W. B. Yeats recognised the "hereditary sadness of English genius". Another is that Menindee and Cargelligo will soon be but a short liner-flight from Manhattan, Wessex and the Latin Quarter. The sadder, more mordant note in *Poetry* then? You may have W. Hart-Smith's best of four poems, "Contour Map", which catches an aspect of social restlessness, Gina Ballantyne envying the stolid, Leonard Mann in "Middle Age" with the finger of decrepitude laid on his brow where the worms plan "their sub-divisional lots", C. B. Christesen, the satirical and pungent C. J. Dennis of "Street Scene", Edna Tredinnick's epigrammatic "Values", and two pieces which deserve separate note. James McAuley's "Landscape" (No. 9) is a statement of disillusionment in love. In manner it is more orthodox than much of his earlier love-poetry, but, whereas his symbolism was in the past, though often puzzling in detail, forceful in sequence and effect, the triteness of "smoking phalluses" (chimneys) seems to prove that a little Freudianism is a dangerous thing. A. D. Hope's interesting "Necrophile" immediately recalls Eliot's "Whispers of Immortality" and wrestles with the same problem of the materialist conception of passion:

> **Only if your spirit die**
> **Will the ghost in me be laid,**
> **Will the body unafraid**
> **Meet the carrion body's cry.**

It is, in one way at least, a better poem than Eliot's, for Grishkin is monogamised and, so, the situation sharpened. The lines quoted lead to the speculation whether Hope will ultimately compromise as Donne and, apparently, Eliot did before him. As it stands his emotion appears considered and final—an affirming.

In short, *Poetry* offers a worth-while sampling of Australian verse of a thoughtful, unprovincial kind. One hears a good deal now of the duty of poets to become community-conscious. One hopes the community will become more and more poet-conscious for the sake of Mr. Flexmore Hudson and other intrepid spirits like him.

O. N. Burgess.

'TWIXT TOTEM AND TABOO

Meanjin Papers. Edited by C. B. Christesen. Spring and Summer, 1943. (Brisbane. 3s. each.)

To review such a periodical as *Meanjin Papers* one should either be completely in the current as regards individuals and movements involved, or altogether out of it and able to take a detached point of view. I have neither of these advantages. I am not in the literary swim; and certainly not capable in this case of a dispassionate approach. Blame the kind editor of *Southerly* for what follows, if blame you will. He has told me to say what I choose, and I propose to do that very thing.

Meanjin, as I imagine everybody knows, is a quarterly dedicated to the interests of Australian literature past, present and to come. Many of its contributors are writers already distinguished, and some of the younger ones are clearly in process of becoming such. These writers belong, I think, mainly to the middle or centre of the literary house; that is to say, they are neither so revolutionary nor so reactionary that it is noticed much. Nearly all of *Meanjin* is interesting, a good deal is excellent, little is poor. The "Papers" have about them a certain perfume—where so many distinguished professionals are involved one cannot say of the amateur; let us say of the uncommercial. The production, however, is much more efficiently done all round than most uncommercial ventures, and the achievement is a matter for congratulation to all concerned.

Yet *Meanjin* does leave me not quite at ease.

I am worried by the little abo on the title page with his little goanna. They are both beautifully drawn and look very pretty. The goanna is very little, not much more than a child. The abo has killed it with his little boomerang. As I read in the pages that follow, not throughout but here and there, I sense its little ghost, sometimes plaintive, but sometimes downright aggressive.

I suppose the abo and the goanna are symbols of our Australianness, and I do not see why they should be so. I do not want to be an abo, not even a little one, and find it hard to understand how any Australian, except perhaps those of the dark predecessors, can at this time of day so desire.

Meanjin sees the sources of inspiration for an Australian literature of high possibility "in our aborigines, in our geography, in our social history", and believes that "the three principal foundations for an Australian literary culture, apart from general literature (English, American, Continental) are—Australian history (and economics, etc.), Australian books so far, and Australian anthropology". As I see things, the principal foundation of our literature is to be looked for in our economics, and the sources of inspiration are likely to be found in "etc." I don't think "etc." is quite fair of *Meanjin*; but it does give us common ground. For it covers those forces the list of which I have not here to hand, but which I remember include love, and man's unconquerable mind.

It is not at this time of day open to doubt that Australia can and does produce persons of genius, characteristic genius, in some profusion. My own experience with local poets, which though not comprehensive was instructive, has taught me this. It has also taught me that the best of such poets, though their work is coloured in grain by its historical and geographical circumstances, by feeling for country and sense of period, yet do not indulge themselves in song and dance, *videlicet* corroboree, either over local anthropology or over local status. I seem also to have learnt that the cult of such corroborees is inseparable from a parochialism both thin and dull.

Patriotic pride has been a factor in the minds of most great poets, perhaps a main factor. It is a factor in our own poets' minds. Unless I am much mistaken, however, it has never been a main factor in any sound or serious theory of literary art; nor do I see how it could ever be such. As for—God save the mark!—patriotic anthropology, it reminds me of very unpleasant matters, which, since this is a belle-lettristic occasion, I shall not bring up.

I know that aboism can be more than a fad, may even have some at least of the characteristics of a passion. I believe, however, that it is folly, a delusion wilful at least in part, deriving from an inferiority complex (that most unsound of positions), and capable of becoming a dangerous mirage. In matters of the mind, imagination is a good servant but a bad master. We must not be hypnotised, even by our own landscape, into fancying we are its descendants beyond generations which can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

This is not to say that I regard the abo as a sort of King Charles's head. By all means let us mention him. He is part of our tradition. To make him taboo would be as bad as making him totem. He and I are no doubt related. All the same, I persist in regarding the relationship in its contemporary aspect and as distant. He may call me cousin, but I will not accept him as an ancestor, no, not even as a sugar-daddy. My stock derives from Europe, such as it is.

A poet of Great Britain, and one of pronounced insular idiosyncrasies (though partly perhaps because of these he spent a good deal of his life abroad) said "Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's". He might surely have said the same of every genuine begetting poet Great Britain has produced. I should think we might hope in good time to say the same of ours, and so, I surmise, does *Meanjin.* But I don't think we shall hasten the day by prescriptions or suggestions such as *Meanjin's,* however well meant.

This brings me to a further question. *Meanjin* sets a high value for authors on contemporariness and (if there is such a word) on collocality of subject. It seems to me that the importance of these may have been exaggerated. Literature, more especially poetry, which after all is the heart of literature, grows not only out of the here and now but also out of the there and then. Shakespeare —he is *Meanjin's* own instance—was once a contemporary author; yet in no single case except perhaps in the *Sonnets* did he treat a subject that was both contemporary and local, and some of his subjects were shockingly ancient history; and some of them could hardly be said to have any locality at all. It is true that he was well versed in some aspects of Elizabethan history, economics, etc. He even had something to say about the abos: there is *Cymbeline.* But he made one of them say "There's livers out of Britain".

Meanjin follows his lead in reminding us that there's writers out of Australia. This seems to me to be a good thing to do. What we need is not intensive localisation but imaginative expansion. To expand we must be rooted in our own earth; but how we expand, and where we expand to, in the name of literary good sense let the poets decide. In what perhaps under the circumstances we may call the administration of literature there is always something a little ridiculous about programmes, except about the exception, the programme of helping good literature as such. This good programme *Meanjin,* in spite of its whims, is clearly out to pursue. If I may presume to say so, I wish the *Papers* well, and hope they will not take umbrage at the above loose sallies, the intentions of which are as good as *Meanjin's* own.

C. R. Jury.

SOME AUSTRALIAN POETS AND WAR

Their Seven Stars Unseen and *The Australian Dream.* By Ian Mudie. (Jindyworobak Publications, Adelaide. 1943.)

Content Are the Quiet Ranges and *Unknown Land.* By Rex Ingamells. (Jindyworobak Publications, Adelaide. 1943.)

Columbus Goes West. By William Hart-Smith. (A Jindyworobak Publication, Adelaide, 1943.)

Indelible Voices and *With the First Soft Rain.* By Flexmore Hudson. (Lucindale, South Australia. 1943. 5s. each.)

Among collections published by Jindyworobaks last year are war poems. War for the Jindyworobaks has created conditions that give greater relevance to their insistence on a national culture steeped in aboriginal legend. They would urge that in these disturbed circumstances must be realised an Australian attitude as they peculiarly interpret it. Ian Mudie's *The Australian Dream,* printed with an attractive Margaret Preston cover design, was the winning entry in the recent W. J. Miles Memorial Competition for a patriotic poem or song, organised by the Jindyworobak Club. Mr. Mudie, with some show of nostalgic hysteria, urges that "the bitter bombs on Darwin's soil" were "our birth".

> . . . weep not earth, that bitter day,
> when steel first spattered in the Darwin dust . . .
> that day began the new Australian dream,
> flaring across a re-made sky in which
> the stars of the Australian miracle,
> the Southern Cross, by daylit minds was seen
> from Bondi sands to Kimberley's far hills. . . .

No longer will the Europeans who have wandered to this land be "amiable strangers homeless". They will become one with the land, their thought deriving virility from its history and primitive tribal life.

The long poem is in four sections. The first is of this awakening. The second, "Pioneers", retraces the history of this land from its formation and inhabitance by aboriginal tribes to the present scene. "The Lovers", the third section, speaks of those "lonely few" who are the lovers of Australia. The final section, "Sons", is of those now fighting for the land.

> they shall retell the tales of vanished tribes;
> they soon shall wake us to our continent;
> the firesticks of their minds will soon relight
> the scattered camp-fires of Australia's dream.

Skilful and lovely descriptive passages of the land in "Pioneers" and "Sons", imagery drawn deftly from tribal custom, are impaired by their juxtaposition with harsh propagandist verse insisting on an isolationist national attitude. Mr. Mudie's collection, *The Seven Stars Unseen,* speaks in similar tones of the "hour of nationhood" which comes with "the rolling of the drums", of the "Young Warriors", who

> . . . stand at the head
> of the gully of dawn,
> unsensed kylies in their hands,
> forward-looking, yet still unseeing.

Rex Ingamells's poems of war in his *Content Are the Quiet Ranges*—"Mankind", "Voice of the Crow"—are terse and dispassionate. "War After War" formulates the belief that

The Bulk of Mars has thudded
too certainly along the centuries
for this to blare his exit.

While man "takes no time to understand, but hates and wars", "content are the quiet ranges". Mr. Ingamells is concerned with his desire that now at last the Australian shall come to know his land as he knows it.

Mirabooka, across the still branches
of trees that are older than settlement and now dark,
but bright with Alcheringa, my spirit calls to you. . . .

Lacking artificial daylight
to help them to imagine
the immense night inferior,
now may my people,
expelled from their neon-niche,
walking in black-out,
find you, Mirrabooka.

In *Unknown Land* Mr. Ingamells weaves together aboriginal legends and would engraft them on the culture of the Europeans who have migrated to Australia. A glossary of aboriginal terms is attached to this later collection, but unfortunately it is by no means complete.

Short poems of slight single themes make up William Hart-Smith's collection *Columbus Goes West.* Early poems sketch aboriginal Elders, "The Fishing Lubra" and "Firemaker"; later poems in the collection, in the same quiet, effortless tone, depict a "Soldier on a Bridge" "Reflection Through a Mess-room Window", and "Night Picket".

Flexmore Hudson's *Indelible Voices* is his "survey of truth" before joining his comrades in arms. Despite Ambrose Pratt's eulogistic foreword, many will undoubtedly be found who do not share his opinion that this is Flexmore Hudson's "first great poem", that Hudson is a poet, or has "many tantalising glimpses of genius". The strange conglomeration of prose and verse that is *With the First Soft Rain* is farcical.

Over in Europe smoke hangs high over a burning, shattered land. Millions there are dying, and glad to die because of pain. Planes sow bombs in cities crowded as hives; children insane with fear dig at the earth with their hands and their teeth to hide. Tanks make jam of wounded men. Flame-throwers roast the tank-crews. Men shoot, gas, smoke, bayonet, crush, drown, bury one another.

But worst of all, in every land men are beginning to believe evil of their own soul, beginning to lose heart, and fear that wars and suffering are as remote from our control as the rotation of a spiral nebula!

And against this sad despair I raise my cry.
A mere poet sprawling in the sun, I laugh defeatists down.

The collections are disappointing. Australian war poetry of any significance will not be found in them. The Jindyworobaks, Ian Mudie and Rex Ingamells, have written of war only as it colours their own limited interpretation of the Australian scene.

M. Hagney.

BRAVE SPIRIT

The Happy Warrior. By Patrick Hore-Ruthven. (Angus & Robertson. 1943. 4s. 6d.)

The fourteen short poems left by the late Captain Hore-Ruthven will be read with pleasure qualified by a sharp sense of loss. In personal qualities the author reminds one of Julian Grenfell. Both were young men of fine gallantry who loved horses and open country, who had humour and generosity and the flame of life, together with that sense of chivalric honour which an older Cavalier poet has put once and for all into two lines.

With a single exception, the poems are dated. One, "To Pamela on Exmoor", was written as early as 1934, and revives a Georgian mode so naturally as scarcely to seem out of date. Of the remaining poems, most were written during the war or in the shadow of its approach, and are refreshingly unconscious of all that students of literature have been taught to feel or not to feel on this subject. At times (as in the lines to fallen France, "Victrix Resurget") they do not go beyond topical rhetoric, and at times (as in "The Young Men") they strike me as too easily exuberant in feeling and expression. But some, especially of the latest, poems have been disciplined by exact observation or specific emotion to a finer temper. "Bidya"—a free verse impression of a foray—is vivid, nervous and shapely; and the two threnodies, "In Palestine" and "To a Young Man who Died", are spare and keen. One feels that in war the poet's talent was finding the training which it required.

Different degrees of merit may be distinguished in these poems, but the brave and attractive spirit of the poet makes itself felt from the first word to the last.

IAN R. MAXWELL.

THE POET'S VISION

The Merciless Beauty. By Ernest Briggs. (The Meanjin Press, 1943. 5s.)

A note on the jacket informs us that *The Merciless Beauty* is the first book of poems by this young Queensland poet. It is a small book, containing a sequence of seven poems, each headed with a motto, appropriately from Blake. Appropriately, because, like Blake, he is inspired not so much by what Briggs calls "The common leaven of humanity" as by a mystic vision of "Beauty" or "Immortality" or "The Holy Word":

> So agonise
> Until I find
> Once more
> The merciless beauty
> Of the mind
> Made pure; . . .

The themes, apart from the last poem on W. B. Yeats, all directly express the immortality of this vision, the pain of the seer, the struggle to objectify the vision in art, or the triumph of the mind over the flux of time. In one sense of the word, Briggs is a romantic, who seeks his goal beyond ordinary life:

> Beauty intangible . . .
> I lose your presence in the market-place, . . .

Or he might be called a mystic, who, as Arnold said of Amiel, is "bedazzled with the infinite". Undoubtedly, he seems utterly sincere in this. He has, in his own phrase, a "purity of purpose", which often gives urgency to his rhythms, and sometimes power to his words. But there are dangers common to this kind of

inspiration which he has not avoided—excessive and strained emotion, and a frequent use of vague, abstract words, which fail to bite. Thus the Merciless Beauty is addressed:

> . . . So tear the soul out of this plastic flesh;
> So rack
> With rapture of pain and ecstasy
> Until I sigh,
> "Strength has gone out of me", . . .

or we have a string of abstractions:

> . . . aching hearts
> That held the Holy Word as chalices
> The inconceivable Beatitude that parts
> The incommunicable thought that is
> Reality from transcience [*sic*] . . .

Blake, indeed, fell into the same artistic dangers, from a similar cause. It is a pity that Ernest Briggs has not learnt more from the "burnished verse" of Yeats, who for all his strange speculations, kept his expression firmly sensuous.

The best-sustained poem in the book is also the longest. It is a statement of the ecstasy and despairs of the artistic genius, with a personal reference to his own struggles. Apart from occasional flatness:

> (For Genius
> Is not terrigenous . . .)

the poem is rapid and powerful in movement and in feeling, and sometimes achieves a striking compression of phrase, as in speaking of the artist who

> Builds up his immortality
> With hands that die.

Other scattered lines in the book have a quality like Yeats's (*e.g.*, "The dust returns miraculous ivories" or "Flame on the lettered tomb"). Briggs has indicated his own most profitable line of development when he writes of his need to "sing":

> Till discipline
> Subdues
> Complexity . . .

and until the "intolerable light" of his genuine visions be further reduced to poetic concreteness.

H. G. Seccombe.

UNEXPECTEDNESS

The Great Attainder. By F. J. Letters. (Author, Sydney. 1943. 7s. 6d.)

In Mr. Letters's book of verse you never know what you will meet next. It may be an epigram or an ode, a sonnet or a piece of free verse: it may be as lush as Keats or as angular as Eliot. Keats, I think, would have delighted in the phrase

> to surmise
> The wind's shape from its veil of butterflies;

and although Mr. Letters can write in the vein of Hopkins or Eliot when he likes, his preference clearly goes to the elder poets. In phrase and cadence, indeed, he is often content to be derivative; and his originality appears less in the texture of his work than in its general scope and character. His is a ruminative and enquiring mind, in which imagination and fancy are often oddly blended with humour. In those poems where humour predominates he is not,

I think, at his best: his "Rules for Remaining Friendly with Centaurs" are funny but heavy-handed, and the "Lovesong of P. Eustace Toomey", despite some agreeably ghoulish moments, lacks the deftness which a burlesque of Eliot requires. But all through the volume there are shoots and flashes and undercurrents of humour which play an important part in more complex poems. One is delighted by the yellow and scarlet dons reflecting the splendour of autumn foliage, and (in a different way) by that hell of idleness where

> engineers sit twiddling vacant thumbs
> By Pyriphlegethon's unharnessed falls.

In "T for Tiger" a splendid line like "Ribbed with midnight and with fire" shades with awe the Tiger's quizzical address to the infant poet:

> Winner of the spelling bee,
> Wilt thou spell my mystery?

I emphasise this vein of humour because it is symptomatic of the poet's talent for odd viewpoints, and because (as in Flecker) it is deliberately used to counterpoint the splendour which he loves. This taste for splendour may sometimes be carried too far. In the title poem, for example, outline tends to dissolve in magnificent elaboration; and Mr. Letters's care to load every rift with ore sometimes leads him to put up with ambiguous constructions, and to lean too heavily on epithets ("glamorous", "fulgurant", "aeoned", etc.) which describe rather than create the effect desired. One of the cleanest and most economical bits of work in the book is the little "Spider and Ant-Lion"; but it is hard to find a page on which there is not something which tempts one to look further.

IAN R. MAXWELL.

POET MILITANT

Things You See When You Haven't Got a Gun. By Harry Hooton. (Author, Sydney. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Hooton is a poet of ideas, or at least of one Idea. This is implied in the title, expounded in the text, and exploded in the last line of the last poem.

If we stop "stark staring" down a gun at our fellow-men, says Mr. Hooton, we shall see the following things (if nothing else):

> As a subject of art or study humanity is dated.
> We are not creatures but creators.
> A creator cannot study himself but only his work.

It is refreshing to find a poet with a positive creed, however limited. Mr. Hooton expresses his Idea variously, in prose, in prose aphorisms, and in verse. The prose forms are more successful than the verse, which suffers from the limitation of his Idea.

Because the Idea is limited it tends to become illogical. He denounces the intelligentsia, and is obviously one of them. He denounces didactic poetry, and, on his own admission, writes it:

> I am sorry I shudder my
> arty friends for
> I
> have written a didactic poem
> (and is it a poem or only a prose?)

The poet (with commendable self-criticism) suspects what we have suspected—that his poems are often "only a prose". Usually he lacks poetical compression and metrical awareness. He preaches his theories, but we don't *experience* them.

In spite of these general tendencies towards "prosiness", however, we occasionally strike an image of poetic force:

a
poem should just
be
like a raindrop or a
pomegranate
or a cup of tea;
it should just be a palpable
globular fruit
or a deaf mute
the gravid yellow pulp of an orange with
silent peel exquisitely stripped
or just the ineffable pips . . .

And even when we disagree with Mr. Hooton's views, at least he has the power to make us think.

G. Tennent and S. Deane.

PERSONAL POEM

(Contributed)

A Poem. By Brian F. Pidgeon.

A recent Poem of considerable interest is one of 860 lines published in the March number of *The Australian Church Quarterly.* It is written mostly in blank verse of fine quality, the greater part of which is in iambic pentameters, and begins:

Thus ends my lengthy holiday: your choice
Of this secluded spot for me was wise.
You realised my greatest need was rest
In unfamiliar regions, well removed
From workaday surroundings, and these weeks
Have wrought a transformation.

A further example is:

Is the gift
Of artistry denied us? We shall make
Our very lives the medium of our art,
Thus teaching our rough reeds to pipe in tune
With nature's endless symphony. But how
Achieve this consummation?

One portion, however, is in longer lines, dactylic hexameters, and reminds one of *Piers Plowman,* not indeed being in the same metre, but having what one might call the same "feel" about it:

Fitful the loosened leaves flutter down to their rest in the shadows,
Broidering here with gold, there with russet, the lawns
Where I am stretched at ease. The ceaseless drone of the highways,
Dulled to a distant murmur, here but deepens the calm
Bringing reflective thoughts. The mind meanders at random
Over the broad dominion held in fee of the past.

The author seems to have been greatly influenced by Browning, and one might almost imagine some portions to have been written by that poet:

Well, suppose
I've fallen, may it not be that descent
To valleys means a later climb to heights
Undreamed by those who pass their days secure
Upon the level plateau?

and

> Tell me, then,
> Can you explain by logic, link by link,
> Without a break in the chain, the sudden thrill
> You often have confessed to on that road
> That circles round the mount?

and also

> Again
> Suppose that you are right, suppose indeed
> That here and now the book of absolute truth
> For you and me were opened, and we saw
> Man in his true perspective . . .

The influence of Shakespeare is also apparent.

The subject is the mental and spiritual development of a young man whose changing moods of optimism and depression eventually lead to a solution of his problems. Included in it is a very fine verse rendering of the 148th Psalm:

> Praise ye the Lord from the earth, ye monsters, and deeps of the ocean,
> Lightning, snow and hail; winds fulfilling His word;
> Mountains and little hills, with trees of the orchard and cedars.

Of the seven parts into which the poem is divided, four are letters between one and other of the three principal characters, two are meditations, and one is a portion of a conversation—a monologue.

The poem is well worth study by any of our poets who write blank verse or who contemplate doing so.

NORMAN K. HARVEY.

OUR POETRY READINGS: PAST—AND FUTURE?

In 1942, a little group of Association members, with the somewhat astonished consent of the Committee, succeeded in running fortnightly lunch-hour poetry readings.

It was Janet Stephen who started the movement, aided by Ruth Bedford and Earle Hooper, and especially by Mrs. Berthe Irom, who placed a corner of the E. F. and G. Library at our disposal. Nine readings from June to November brought an ever increasing group of listeners, who undoubtedly felt the greater understanding and enjoyment of poetry that derives from hearing it. Also, book-sales were directly due to these gatherings. The poets who read from their verse were: Rosemary Dobson, T. Inglis Moore, Mary Lang, R. G. Howarth, Ruth Bedford, A. D. Hope, Dora Wilcox, Muir Holburn, Nuri Mass, H. M. Green, Elisabeth Lambert and Freda MacDonnell. R. G. Howarth also read from Edith Sitwell, and older English and Australian poetry was read by Beryl Bryant, Beatrice MacDonald and Mrs. Kurschner; while Miles Franklin read from the mysterious "E", and Berthe Irom gave some translations of modern Czecho-Slovakian poetry.

If the Poetry Bookshop in London can, and Continental bookshops in other days could, make place for these most desirable readings, season after season, surely some quiet place for the poetry lovers of Sydney, for regular half-hour readings, could be arranged?

We hand on the torch!

J.S. . . . R.B. . . . F.E.H.

THE AUSTRALIAN ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

Addresses

September-October, 1943

"Llewelyn Powys"

October 27: Mr. C. J. H. O'Brien, B.A.

The most important characteristics of Llewelyn Powys's work are a capacity for living with a deep, tenacious enjoyment and an unflinching awareness of the instability of life. The corner-stone of his philosophy was the conviction that human welfare is inseparable from the life of the senses. To be unceasingly receptive to their impressions was, he believed, the secret of happiness, for through them we become aware of the mystery and beauty of the universe.

Powys believed that in sense-experience there was a kind of ultimate reality. This conviction led him to reject the notion that there is any form of divine control or ethical direction in the natural order. It appeared to him folly to imagine that an unending, changeless revolution of planets in limitless space could be affected by moral consideration. He was convinced that human endeavours and achievements count for nothing in the scheme of things. But his philosophy was not one of unrelieved pessimism; the knowledge of the impermanence of human affairs contrasted with the massive permanence of the heavenly systems enabled him to distil a final poetic essence from the situation.

Powys's work is not easy to classify, but a division may be made according to subject-matter. The first group is chiefly concerned with his views on human destiny and conduct, and shows an incapacity for detached investigation and argument; the considerable body of opinion against materialism is ignored. The second group comprises two books on the history of Christianity *The Cradle of God* and *The Pathetic Fallacy*. His scepticism imparts an ironic tone to the style and only meagre references are supplied in support of the argument; the special virtue of both books is the poetical interpretation of religious story. The third group contains two small volumes on literary subjects, *Thirteen Worthies* and *Rats in the Sacristy*; nearly all the writers discussed are shown to have an attitude towards life that closely resembles that of Llewelyn Powys himself. The fourth group consists of narrative. *Love and Death*, the most important work in this field, confirms the impression that Powys's mind was receptive and contemplative rather than dynamic and inventive. Its chief weakness is a sluggishness of movement, but Powys's perception of the beauty of the material world and of the transience of human life enabled him to evoke an atmosphere in keeping with all aspects of the theme.

Our estimate of Powys's work must depend mainly upon the quality of his expression. His style is the product of much deliberate craftsmanship and is marked by great imaginative power in imagery and by visual exactness; to an exceptional degree it is concrete and definite, a fitting medium for a writer who believed that the mind is "the apex-point of the senses".

"The Teaching of English"

July, 1943: Mr. Brian Hone, M.A.

It is regretted that no summary of this address is available.

Annual Dinner, 1943

The annual dinner of the Australian English Association was held in the University Union Withdrawing Room on Thursday, 25th November. The speakers were Mr. R. J. F. Boyer, Mr. H. L. McLoskey, the Hon. T. D. Mutch, and Mr. J. J. Hardie.

Mr. Boyer, who proposed the toast of the Australian English Association, said that the association had set itself a task not only of encouraging the study of English literature, but also of preserving standards of purity and excellence. This latter objective was one which demanded a clear perception as to what actually were the permanent norms of literary form which should be maintained. It was necessary to remember that the English language, like all things vital and beautiful, was a developing thing which moved and grew with the people who used it. It was a currency which, like gold, might have its permanence challenged unless it was expressive of the needs of a generation or attracted the allegiance of that generation. Room had to be left for the expression of the deepest feelings of each age in terms of its own idiom. What, then, of the great riches and beauties of our literary heritage might we regard as fundamental for all time? Might they not be found in the inherent graciousness and nobility of expression rather than in the forms employed? These spiritual intangibles were valid for all time.

Mr. McLoskey, in responding to the toast, said that it was a privilege to be asked to speak for a body which had completed twenty years' useful existence in the interests of scholarship and culture, and which had been honoured by the membership of good men and eminent scholars, such as the late President, Sir Mungo MacCallum, and his successor, Professor E. R. Holme. There was reason to be proud also of the ties which bound the association to a parent body which had bravely kept aloft the tattered banner of culture, and further reason for pride in the knowledge that the Sydney branch alone of the Australian branches had survived the impact of war.

But there was reason to regret the position which the association occupied. English was the core of our cultural life, and an association charged with the cultivation and perpetuation of its ideals should be the strongest of all cultural institutions in the community; the Australian English Association was not. Its lectures should be more widely attended; every metropolitan teacher, and certainly every metropolitan teacher of English at least, should be a member, and all Arts students and senior students of English in our secondary schools should take advantage of the special form of membership open to them. Unfortunately art and literature were often most harmed by their votaries. As Gresham postulated of money, the bad tended to drive out the good. The association should welcome all varieties of literary and artistic thought and opinion, and seek by examination and discussion to arrive at truth and beauty.

In proposing the toast of Australian literature, Mr. Mutch said that he did not interpret that term as including all literature written by or about Australians or Australia. The qualifying adjective required that the literature referred to should have some distinctive character—should bear some quality, difficult to define, that radiated the spirit of the country. Most of the earlier essays in poetry and prose written in Australia were obviously the work of transplanted Englishmen, even in the case of some writers who were actually born here. The first exception was William Charles Wentworth, whose national pride was expressed in his passionately patriotic poem "Australasia". Despite its somewhat stilted classical form and verbiage there was scarcely a line that did not breathe a perfervid devotion to the land of his birth.

Seventy years passed before another writer appeared whose work had a definitely Australian quality. This writer was Henry Lawson, whose works provided the pattern for hundreds of Australian writers. One virtue of his writing was his effective use of short, strong, simple words; he wrote most of his prose in basic English. The nearest approach to Lawson's work was that of Miles Franklin and "Brent of Bin Bin"; and it was with such writers as these that we should begin in speaking of Australian literature.

In reply, Mr. J. J. Hardie spoke of some of the difficulties which Australian writers had to face. Australian publishers had failed to take advantage of the particular demand for cheap editions of Australian novels since the war started. Our own troops and Allied soldiers constituted a market that should have been exploited not only in their interests but also in the interests of Australian writers.

The future of Australian literature depended to a large extent on improving the conditions under which Australian writers were forced to work. Because of our limited markets, books published in Australia had not brought in so much to their authors as in other English-speaking countries and contracts between publisher and author which might be suitable in those other countries did not offer sufficient reward to the local writer.

Instances were quoted which proved that the Australian writer was probably the poorest paid member of the community and unless he had private means or a regular job had a struggle to survive. Subsidies were not conducive to the production of good work; this could only be attained by guaranteeing the writer an ample reward for work achieved. Many past and present writers had shown promise of achieving fame in Australian literature but had been discouraged by the inadequate pecuniary rewards of their efforts.

T.G.H.

Annual Report, 1943

In common with other bodies whose aims are mainly cultural our association has faced a difficult year. With so many members engaged in various forms of war work or occupied with other interests attendances at meetings have been affected to a degree that has caused keen disappointment to the committee and offered little encouragement to the speakers.

Perhaps afternoon meetings have presented a difficulty and a possible return to evening gatherings may result in improved attendances; the committee asks members for increased and more consistent support.

While there has been an encouraging influx of new members during the year, the number who have allowed their subscriptions to lapse is disappointing. It is realised that times are difficult, but this association, one of the few truly cultural bodies in Sydney, with a proud record of achievement over a period of twenty-one years, deserves more than casual support.

The determination of the committee to maintain the publication of *Southerly* has been a heavy strain on the association's finances, but with the help of donations from members it has been possible to carry on to the end of the year. During Mr. Howarth's absence on leave, *Southerly* was edited by Dr. Mitchell and Miss Thelma Herring, who, however, owing to stress of University work at the end of the year, could not undertake the supervision of the final number, which has been edited by Mr. C. J. H. O'Brien and Mr. Wesley Milgate.

To each of these members the committee wishes to express its thanks and appreciation.

It is extremely gratifying to know that, having survived such troublous times, the future of the magazine is assured. Messrs. Angus & Robertson have consented to publish *Southerly* for a period of two years, with the hope that, during that time, it may establish itself as the leading literary magazine in Australia.

Editorial control remains with the association and in the same capable hands that have brought it to its present status. It is hoped, if difficulties of paper quotas can be overcome, that the magazine in future will appear increased in size and circulation.

The association desires to express its appreciation of the compliment paid it by Messrs. Angus & Robertson.

The Annual General Meeting was held on Wednesday, 29th April. Mr. McLoskey presided.

The Annual Report and Balance Sheet were presented and adopted and office-bearers for 1943 were elected.

The Annual Dinner was held on 25th November in the Withdrawing Room at the University, more than sixty members attending. Professor Holme presided.

The toast of "The Association" was proposed by Mr. R. J. F. Boyer, M.A., and Mr. McLoskey, M.A., LL.B., replied. "Australian Literature" was proposed by the Hon. T. D. Mutch and replied to by Mr. J. J. Hardie.

The following addresses were given during the year:

March: Mr. H. M. Green, B.A., LL.B., "Hugh McCrae".

May: Mr. Frank Clewlow, "Poets I Have Met".

June: Miss Beatrice Davis, B.A., "Books in Australia Today".

July: Mr. B. W. Hone, M.A., "The Teaching of English".

August: Miss Gwen Smith, "Archibald MacLeish"; Mr. R. K. Levis, "Robinson Jeffers".

September: Mr. C. J. H. O'Brien, B.A., "Llewelyn Powys".

H. M. BUTTERLEY,
Hon. Secretary.

NOTES

Frank Wilmot Memorial.—The following notice has been received from the Frank Wilmot Memorial Committee: "Frank Wilmot ('Furnley Maurice') died in February, 1942. Shortly afterwards a committee was formed to consider the question of a memorial to him, and Mr. Vance Palmer agreed to write a memoir. This was published about the end of the year, a large proportion of the issue has since been sold, and a satisfactory profit of £36 11s. 1d. has been made.

"The committee felt that the memorial might take the form of a gift of money to the University of Melbourne, the income of which would be applied to the purchase of Australian books for the University Library. If this were done a book-plate would be designed and a copy placed in each volume. Permission might also be sought to affix a memorial plaque on the University Press building in which Wilmot worked for the last ten years of his life.

"Subscriptions for the above objects may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. P. Serle, 70 Church Street, Hawthorn, Victoria.—PERCIVAL SERLE, Chairman; LEIGH SCOTT, Honorary Secretary."

"Southerly", December, 1943: Corrections.—P. 25, "myth, CURiously": read "myth CURiously"; p. 38, "February": read "March".

The Jindyworobak Anthology.—Contributions are invited for the 1944 volume, which is to be edited by Mr. William Hart-Smith. The scope of the anthology is being widened as much as possible. Poems should be sent to Mr. Hart-Smith, at 18 Mulgarra Street, Northbridge, not later than September 30.

Pamphlets from Allahabad.—Mr. S. C. Deb, Honorary Secretary of the U.P. Branch, Allahabad, of the English Association, writes to say that he is collecting for the A.E.A., Sydney, "as representative a set of the Pamphlets issued by members of our Branch as possible". This kind gift will be awaited with keen interest. It may here be mentioned that, in return for the volume of *Essays and Studies* received from the U.P. Branch, a set of A.E.A. publications has been offered.

Donations to "Southerly".—Further donations include: Aubrey Halloran, £1 1s.; Miss Lucy Dunster, 4s.; Norman K. Harvey, £1 1s.; F. T. Berman, 10s. 6d.; R.G.H., 10s.

AUSTRALIAN ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

Income and Expenditure Account for Year Ending 31st December, 1943

INCOME.	£	s.	d.
Jan. 1, 1942.			
Credit Balance	25	3	0
Members' Subscriptions	38	18	0
One Life Member	5	0	6
Donations — General and *Southerly*	14	14	0
S.U.D.S. Play-Reading	1	10	0
Annual Dinner, Ticket Sales	14	8	0
Sales, Advts., etc. (Mr. F. T. Berman)	42	18	10
Miscellaneous Sales	3	16	4
Southerly, Bound Volume (complete)	1	5	0
Total	£147	13	8
Government Savings Bank (31/12/42)	£8	0	10
Interest (31/12/43)	0	3	2
Total	£8	4	0

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.
Secretarial Expenses	11	1	9
Treasurer's Expenses	4	0	0
Southerly Editorial Sundries	2	9	0
Printing *Southerly*—			
Vol. III, No. 2	27	3	9
Vol. IV, No. 1	21	18	9
Vol. IV, No. 2	26	3	8
Title Pages	0	10	6
Binding	0	10	0
Bank Charges	0	14	2
English Association, London	5	8	10
Annual Dinner	13	1	6
	£113	1	11
Dec. 31.			
Credit Balance, Commercial Bank	34	11	9
Total	£147	13	8

Certified correct:
WALLACE LENNARD, Hon. Treasurer.
Audited and found correct:
W. E. TOMS, Hon. Auditor.

6th February, 1944.